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Dorothy Wilding

The Duchess of Kent in Her W.R.N.S. Uniform

The Duchess of Kent has just been photographed in her uniform as Commandant of the Women's Royal Naval Service. All officers of this Service will be interested in their Commandant's wearing of the three-cornered hat which some find so hard to put on becomingly. No one who admired the Duchess of Kent's hats in pre-war days will be surprised that she can make the tricorne look like the latest Paris model, nor at her discovery of a hairdressing style which perfectly matches the hat's austere simplicity.



Way of the War

By "Fore-sight"

An Ambassador Returns

THE Marquess of Lothian is returning to Washington after a trip to London, which has been extremely valuable both to himself and the Government. He also managed while he was here to see many friends and to visit his English and Scottish properties. To small groups of people gathered so that he might give them his impressions on the general trend of American politics and policies he gave the greatest pleasure and satisfaction by his easy freedom and readiness to talk at large and at length.

People are saying that Lord Lothian will one day be Foreign Secretary. I do not know whether that is his ambition, but if it be so I should say that he is shaping up well for the

Lord Lothian's Metamorphosis

LORD LOTHIAN was one of the first members of the group to see the light, and he began to write some cogent articles showing clearly that he for one doubted whether Hitler wanted a satisfied or peaceful Germany.

Illumination came to Lord Halifax after his visit to Germany on an invitation from Goering to attend a hunting expedition. Not long after that Mr. J. L. Garvin, brilliant Editor of the *Observer* and another frequent visitor to Cliveden—Lord Astor owns the *Observer*—began to wield his powerful pen in support of a new line of thought, to wit, Britain, awake!

American realism

ABOUT Lord Lothian today there is a fine atmosphere of absolute realism. He looks at the United States as they are and not as some people would wish or imagine them to be.

If we had any doubt on the subject we should now know that America will back Britain with all her material might because she sees the British Isles as the outpost of her own Atlantic defences. But she will enter into no commitment involving taking a share of responsibility for the policy whereby Britain hopes to save the day in Europe.

Similarly America has come to recognise that Gibraltar, Suez, Singapore, Cape Town and so forth form an integral part of the United States' protective shield against the aggressive forces of Nazism.

All American eyes are on the Royal Navy

and Air Force. The American people know that it would be a bad day for them if these British shields were torn down. Dakar, as symbolic of an area in which Germany might assemble a great air fleet for dispatch to Brazil, and thence to attack the comparatively defenceless States, has come to be seen as a vital point of American interest.

Nor is it overlooked in the more enlightened circles that the moment is necessarily fast approaching when Britain will have to be given the arms and other supplies she needs, on something other than a cash basis.

Roman Meets Greek

AS I write the most interesting problem presented by Mussolini's attack on Greece is whether Hitler will come to his rescue and help him to convert an initial failure into an ultimate success. Mussolini had obviously calculated that Greece would "come quietly" at the Italian behest just as Rumania had knuckled under to Germany.

By a rapid occupation of the Greek peninsula Mussolini was to stake out for himself a dominant position in the Axis partnership, both political and strategic. If successful, it might even enable him to extend the Italian sphere of influence to include Yugoslavia, thereby denying to Germany that "window on the Adriatic" for which Hitler and his supporters have long yearned.

Such thoughts naturally sprang to mind when it was learned from Belgrade last week that unidentified aeroplanes had dropped bombs on Monastir, a Yugoslav city near to the Greco-Albanian frontier, whose name actively recalls past Balkan wars. Foreign observers accredited to Prince Paul's Government have reported of late that Yugoslavia would resist any foreign invasion and would fight the Italians with enthusiasm, the Germans with regret.

Geneva Days

I AM reminded of more than one pleasant luncheon at the famous "cemetery" restaurant just outside Geneva, during those



French General in England

General Legentilhomme, recently in command of Allied Forces in British and French Somaliland under General Sir Archibald Wavell, arrived in London as a survivor of the "Empress of Britain." He showed great coolness and bravery in helping to save fellow passengers on the great liner. He has come to England to put his services at the disposal of General de Gaulle



The Governor-General of Australia Inspects English Troops

Lord Gowrie, Governor-General and C-in-C. of Australia since 1936, had some English soldiers to inspect at Sydney the other day. These were a detachment of men, mostly from Norfolk and Suffolk, in charge of German and Italian prisoners of war who are now interned in Australia. Here Lord Gowrie, who is himself a V.C., talks to Company Sergeant-Major G. F. Carter, of the Royal Norfolks, about a medal the C.S.M. won on the North-West Frontier of India

task. It would be a curious thing were the once reviled Cliveden group—the men of the Round Table—to have given Britain a succession of two Foreign Secretaries called upon to conduct her affairs in the hours of her greatest struggle with Germany.

In the bad old days when Appeasement was the mot d'ordre of the Conservative Government, it was at Cliveden, Lord and Lady Astor's fine home high above the Thames Valley, that Lord Lothian, Lord Halifax, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, the Editor of *The Times*, Sir John Simon and others used to meet and debate means of making Germany a satisfied and consequently peaceable nation.

now almost forgotten League sessions, with M. Pouritch, Yugoslavia's brilliant and charming Minister to Paris.

A real Francophile, with deep admiration for Britain, M. Pouritch was accustomed to brush aside any suggestions that in the war, which even then seemed inevitably ahead of us, his country would be induced to take sides with Italy. "If Italy throws in her lot with Germany, you may be sure, my friend, that Yugoslavia will be found on your side. Remember that we Yugoslavs have little reason to love the Italians and much to hate them."

Italy and the Croats

ITALIAN policy has been quite ostentatiously directed for a number of years towards extending control always further down the Dalmatian coast. Herein lies the true explanation of Italy's unremitting attempts to stir up and maintain Croat discontent against Belgrade; for almost the whole of this beautiful and strategically important coastline from Fiume to Dubrovnik (Ragusa), in happier days a popular resort for British cruise parties, is predominantly Croat in population.

The Croats are a widely travelled and industrious people, but deeply wedded to their own soil. The visitor who has found the time to explore beyond the limits of the Adriatic fiords will probably have come across more than one little mountain village where for nine months of the year the population is exclusively female. The men have gone abroad to work in the shipyards, the coal mines, the factories of the world. You will find them in California, in Pittsburg, in Rangoon, and in Liverpool.

Turkey Speaks

THOSE who have followed these notes week by week will not have been surprised by President Inonu's declaration of Turkish policy. They will have read between the lines and appreciated that Turkey is anxious to keep in step with Soviet Russia, yet determined to fight all comers in defence of her own vital interests. Russia has fully endorsed Turkey's determination to prevent the Axis Powers from obtaining control of the Dardanelles, but has urged her not to become involved in the European war a day sooner than necessary.

During the hot summer days of 1936, in the one-time famous watering place of Montreux,

assembled delegations from half-a-dozen countries had an opportunity to judge for themselves the extent of Russian interest in the guardianship of the Turkish Straits.

The then-Foreign Commissar, Maxim Litvinov, and the present Turkish Ambassador to London, Tewfik Rustu Aras, who was at that time Turkish Foreign Minister under Kemal Ataturk, spent long hours together on the terraces and in the suites of the Palace Hotel bargaining for each other's support on the main issues of the arrangement which gave Turkey absolute control of the straits.

Litvinov has since gone the way of other

The Stage and the War



Bombs on a Studio

Dorothy Dickson, now appearing in "Diversion" at Wyndham's, went along to inspect bomb damage in the studio of Avram Melnikoff, the Russian sculptor, whose head of Miss Dickson (on the right) survived. Another uncompleted work which was undamaged was a portrait of Toscanini. M. Melnikoff fought with the British Army in the last war

servants of the Kremlin who threatened to become too powerful. But the Kremlin could never have accused him of betraying Soviet principles. I remember dining opposite to him and his wife, Ivy, on the roof of the League building in Geneva one evening. When the waiter brought their bill, the Foreign Commissar and his lady each produced a purse and paid their independent shares.

Admirable Turkish Press

IF Turkish statesmen feel compelled by the diplomatic niceties of the situation to speak guardedly and with great reserve, no such inhibitions curb the natural vigour of the Turkish press. It would, indeed, be unfair to suggest that the leading editors are repaying a debt of gratitude to Lord Lloyd's British Council, which not so long ago entertained them during an extended tour of Britain.

Yet it seems clear that the opportunities which they then had for discussing freely and frankly with British national leaders all aspects of their countries' policies confirmed and strengthened a Turkish respect for Britain which today is standing up in good stead.

Outstanding and clear-sighted in their commentaries on the war situation as it is developing have been two Turkish deputies who were prominent in that party, Huseyin Yalcin, who writes regularly in *Yeni Sabah*, and Fali Rikfi Atay of *Ulus*. In Turkey, the newspaper-reading public is highly intelligent. Particularly has it been compelled to show this attribute since the late Kemal Ataturk, as part of his programme of Westernisation, obliged the Turkish press to abandon the old script and to substitute in its place strictly phonetic spelling of the language in Latin characters.

De Brinon's Reward

HAVING for long acted as spokesman of the "sell-out to Germany" party in France, M. Fernand de Brinon has received his reward. A leading columnist of the French press, whose visits to Berlin on behalf of Messrs. Laval and Flandin were a source of constant interest to British politicians, he has now been appointed French Ambassador to Paris—a more humiliating position for any true Frenchman could hardly be conceived.

M. de Brinon did not confine his visits to Berlin; he also came to London to peddle his

(Continued on page 262)



Actor in Uniform

One of the many members of the theatrical profession now in uniform is Francis Lister, now a Royal Artillery officer. Here he was giving instructions to a member of a gun crew. He was a gunner in the last war as well, joining up as a boy of eighteen and serving two years with the R.H.A. and R.F.A. He went straight back to his stage career after demobilisation



Ballerina out of Bandages

Prudence Hyman, leading dancer of the Arts Theatre, last week came out of hospital, where she had been treated for face and leg injuries received in an air raid; she was buried under the wreckage of a bombed house. She hopes to be able to take her role in Keith Lester's new ballet "De Profundis" which is due for first performance shortly at the Arts Theatre



Canada's Air Chief in Britain

Pictorial Press

Air Commodore Leigh Forbes Stevenson came from Canada a few months ago to take command of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Great Britain. With him here at the R.C.A.F. H.Q. at Canada House is Wing Commander A. P. Campbell (left), a member of his staff. Air Commodore Stevenson, who is forty-five, has had a distinguished career as an airman. He was seconded to the R.F.C. from his Canadian infantry regiment in France in 1917, and from then onwards spent his time in civil and military flying jobs, becoming Commander of Winnipeg Air Station in the mid-twenties. In 1929 he came back to England as an R.C.A.F. liaison officer; two years later returned to Canada and held various Air Staff jobs until he took command of a flying boat squadron at Vancouver. Last year he became C.O. of the R.C.A.F. training station at Camp Borden; came to England and France early this year to confer on training problems; went back to take charge of No. 4 Training Command in Western Canada, and from there was appointed to his present post. His wife and two small daughters, who have not seen much of him since war began, have remained in Canada.



Karsh of Ottawa

Canada's Prime Minister at Home

The Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada for the second time since the last war, is a Liberal, a Presbyterian, and a bachelor. He is a political economist besides being a politician, or rather, a statesman: he held Fellowships in political economy and science at Chicago and Harvard Universities before he went into politics. He therefore understands America as only a young man who has lived in a country, absorbing its atmosphere, can know it. This is of tremendous importance now that Canadians and Americans are in constant contact over matters of mutual defence. Great Britain Mr. King knows from a number of visits to Imperial Conferences here. He has been Canada's Liberal leader since 1919, was Premier from 1921 to 1930 except for a few months in 1926, and returned to office in 1935. The General Election last spring confirmed Mr. Mackenzie King's position as Canada's wartime leader. This study of him was taken at his holiday home at Kingsmere, fifteen miles outside Ottawa. His dog Pat is an old man of seventeen, and has belonged to his master since he was a frisky puppy of a few months old.

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Buttons for All

As election date approached New York became the city of buttons. Every citizen, short, tall, fat, thin, old, young, merry or morose wore a button in his or her buttonhole, or thereabouts, indicating that he or she intended to vote for the President, or, alternately, abhors the prospect of a third term.

Recalling that zips superseded buttons, for practical purposes, some eight years ago, this retrograde movement seems to support Mr. Wendell Willkie's contention that God's Own Country has slipped. However, there were many more Willkie buttons than Roosevelt buttons, mainly because the largest portion of the electorate supporting F.D.R. cannot afford buttons, except in psychological places.

Furthermore, the Republicans, having been out for eight years, realized they must make themselves felt. Hence the rash of red, white and blue buttons bearing curious devices indicative of the wearer's Republican belief, or bias.

A mere refugee on these hospitable shores, I wonder whether Mr. Willkie controls all the button factories in the North American continent,

not yet been disclosed—*Mein Kampf*, may be.)

These were precious crises during which the mere refugee was lulled into the belief that no European blitzkrieg rages, no battle looms in the Pacific; moments when one loved the American people more than ever for their atavistic insistence on fair play. Huge-scale graft they accept as inevitable; slumps, floods, and other disasters such as the New Deal, with equanimity, but tell an Isolationist in Nebraska that a congressman in Texas has been hit by

a tomato and he is ready to go to war—free blather being held perennially sacred.

Racing Personality

WRITING of Sterns, the racing fraternity will be interested to know that Madame Jean Stern's sister, Madame Becker of Bruxelles, has succeeded in joining her Rothschild relations in exile here. Madame Stern is one of the keenest racing women in France, with no frills about her forthright personality or appearance. I wonder when we shall see her long tweed overcoat, low-heeled shoes and "Dorothy Paget" felt hat at Longchamp again?

Meanwhile young Baronne "Alix" Rothschild has created a fine impression by flying back to France to join her soldier husband, whatever the hardships inherent in their birthright.

(Continued on page 268)

English Children at a School Fête on Long Island



English Visitors

Mr. Rodney Soher and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sigrist have all been in New York recently. Rodney Soher's yacht "Tyrant" rescued fifty people from Cannes after the capitulation of France. The Sigrists had moved to Nassau before the war; their house there has been the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's home while Government House was being done up. Mr. Sigrist, a director of several British aircraft manufacturing firms, expects to help organise an arms factory in California before long

or were his supporters, chosen emblems made in Japan? The Democratic Party might have checked up on these valuable lines of inquiry.

INCIDENTALLY, this is the first campaign in American history during which rotten eggs and heavier missiles were thrown. The millions were shocked at such an outbreak of Dickensian tomfoolery, and the Press was full of "Foul Play at Political Meeting." Both candidates disassociated themselves from those supporters who went the length of pitching tin waste-paper baskets out of windows, seriously injuring members of the crowd beneath. (What was inside the waste-paper baskets has



The Hon. Mrs. Stephen Vivian-Smith, American daughter-in-law of Lord Bicester, bought a "cookie" from young Timothy Wagg at his school's fête, he goes to the Friends' Academy Kindergarten. Mrs. Vivian-Smith has her two younger boys, Angus and Hugh, in America with her. John, her eldest son is at school in England where his father is soldiering



The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Runciman, and her only child, six-year-old Garry, are among the many English refugees on Long Island. Garry goes to the popular Quaker school, Friends' Academy at Locust Valley. His mother, the former Miss Katherine Schuyler Garrison of New York was married in 1932 to the Hon. Leslie Runciman, elder son of Viscount Runciman, the shipping magnate



At the school fête on Long Island little Jeremy Warburg, a girl with a boy's name, and granddaughter of the well-known publisher Condé Nast, sold a biscuit in the shape of a British lion to Mrs. Nelson Doubleday. Staying with Mrs. Doubleday are the Kenneth Wagg's children and Somers Maugham's two and a half year old grandson, Nicholas Vincent Somerset Paravicini



The two branches of the English speaking peoples, are getting better acquainted, as this group shows: (at back) the Hon. Mrs. Stephen Vivian-Smith; her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Francis James Rodd (in front) Ann Dart (American), James Woodbury (British), Mary Rodd (British), George Dartt (American), Saul and Rachel Rodd, Angus Vivian-Smith (British)



Mrs. John Roberts and Mr. Goukassow

Mrs. John Roberts is Roberta Huby to those who have seen her singing and dancing on the stage. Her next part is principal girl in Blackpool's pantomime. Her husband is in the Army. Mr. J. J. Goukassow, American oil magnate, took her to the Café de Paris



The Hon. Pamela Berry and Captain Mark Howard

In a party for the re-opening of the Café de Paris were the Hon. Pamela Berry, she wearing red, and Captain Mark Howard. She is Lord Kemsley's only daughter. Her brother Oswald and his wife were also there (see below)



Miss Diana Barnato and Mr. Henry Garnett

At one of the sofa tables under the Café de Paris balcony, which have been uninhabited since the blitz began, were Miss Diana Barnato and Lieutenant Henry Garnett. She takes out nowadays among her accessories a tiny gold box, postage-stamp size, with a little extra coffee sugar in it



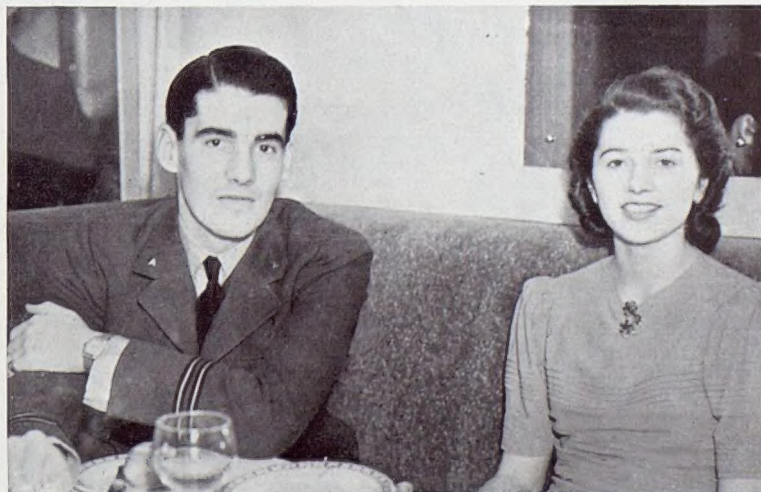
Harry in his New Bar

Harry McElphone, of Harry's Bar, Paris, which he had run for thirty-two years, is now well installed in London. He is here shaking his topical cocktail speciality, a Telesvoor (i.e., Roosevelt spelt, more or less, backwards)



Miss Clarissa Borenus and Mr. Parker Bowles

Miss Clarissa Borenus is the daughter of the famous Finn patriot and historian, Dr. Tanner Borenus. Mr. Derek Parker Bowles, her companion, married Miss Ann de Trafford last year, and has a ten-months-old son who, he says, is getting very big and cheeky



The Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry

Young marrieds at the Café de Paris re-opening were Lord Kemsley's fifth son and his wife, who is Lord and Lady Brecknock's daughter. They were married in September. The whole evening's atmosphere was very gay and informal. "Snake Hips" Johnson's band now provides the dance music

The Cinema

Jane at Hollywood: By James Agate

I AM not of the company which hold that great novels are sacrosanct and must not be transferred to the screen. It all depends upon the novel. Where, as in the case of Dumas and Hugo, the book is nineteenth-century action the very best results may be obtained. Conversely, the kind of novel which is eminently unfilmable is the introspective sort, or the analytical variety in which what matters is not what happens but what the author thinks about those happenings.

Thus, while you may, at modest peril, film Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*, you cannot picturise, at any peril, Meredith's *The Egoist*. For peril implies risk, and there would be no sort of risk in filming Meredith, but merely the deadead of certainties.

JANE AUSTEN is a kind of half-way house. Her novels have plenty of action even if it is of the tea-cup, circumscribed variety. And there is plenty of dialogue to be borrowed. But no film will ever, I think, get to the heart of *Pride and Prejudice* as certainly as even an indifferent film will get to the heart of *The Three Musketeers*. Dumas, having a straight tale to tell, tells it in honest, straightforward fashion. But Jane has more than a yarn to unfold; she is in a conspiracy with her readers to put their heads together and together consider the follies and waywardness of her heroes and heroines.

Consider the first appearance in the book of the egregious Mr. Collins. He makes his entry in a letter read aloud by Mr. Bennet to the family circle. Within five minutes we know all about the writer, his patroness Lady Catherine de Bourgh, the reader—the interjected “There, Mrs. Bennet” contains nearly all we need to know about both the father and the mother of the five girls—and the girls themselves. “In point of composition,” says that little prig, Mary, “his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive-branch perhaps is not wholly new. Yet I think it is well engendered.” This sets Mary as clearly before us as though she were a pig-tailed little sister of one's own.

As for the youngest pair, read this: “To Catherine and Lydia, neither the letter nor its writer were in any degree interesting. It was next to impossible that their cousin should come in a scarlet coat, and it was now some weeks since they had received pleasure from the society of a man in any other colour.”

Elizabeth is summed up in her question to her father: “Can he be a sensible man, sir?” And the whole of Mr. Bennet is in his answer: “No, my dear; I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter, which promises well.”

The scene is, as it was, static; nothing has happened except that a letter has been read and commented upon or, as in the case of Catherine and Lydia, not even been taken in. In other words, this quintessential bit of Jane's mind is made up of everything the cinema knows to be its weakest point. This being so, something else has to be substituted, and if the

letter is read at all it will be rushed through, whereas Jane and her readers savour. And this substitution of action for comment brings about an astonishing redistribution of values.

IN the picture at the Empire the principal figure is Edna May Oliver's Lady Catherine. It took Jane three-fourths of her time and all of her book's title to make the reader understand why Elizabeth and Darcy took so long to hit it off; at the Empire one just wants to knock Greer Garson's and Laurence Olivier's pretty and distinguished heads together. Garson, who is by no means a beauty in Hollywood's acceptance of that term, has your born actress's power of compelling attention; when she is on the set one doesn't bother about looking at anybody else. Olivier, too, gives a much better-bred performance than one was looking for; gone are those sulks reminding one of the ill-temper of an over-pestered shop-walker. When Darcy glowers, he glowers like a gentleman.

Mary Boland manages not to overdo Mrs. Bennet's flutterings and vapourings. And there, alas, my commendations fizzle out. Edmund Gwenn deprives Mr. Bennet of all his asperity, so that Jane's best character

disappears, while Melville Cooper turns Mr. Collins into a jovial, genial-hearted buffoon. Whereas the fellow is a snake in the grass at Rovings, Pemberley, or wherever grass is to be found.

IT almost goes without saying that the piece is over-dressed. At least it is inconceivable that Mr. Collins could say to Miss Elizabeth: “Do not make yourself uneasy, my dear cousin, about your apparel. Lady Catherine is far from requiring that elegance of dress in us, which becomes herself and her daughter. I would advise you merely to put on whatever of your clothes is superior to the rest, there is no occasion for anything more. Lady Catherine will not think the worse of you for being simply dressed.” She likes to have the distinction of rank preserved.”

And there is one shocking mistake. This occurs when one of the two barouches overtakes the other on the wrong side. How can one expect the rule of Jane Austen's quiet by-paths to be observed when the rule of the English road has not been mastered?

THE film has been written by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin, basing themselves on Helen Jerome's dramatisation of the novel. I shall be content to say that if not they, then somebody else, possibly the cast, has blundered. However, nobody in the stalls at the Empire seemed to notice the blundering, or thought that there was any. There was a magnificent house at the performance I attended.

May I put in that if the Janeites, to use Walkley's phrase, went away discomfited, those who knew not Jane when they came in left the building Janeites to a man. But not, I think, woman. No woman has ever liked Jane, who knew altogether too much about womanliness.



The Female Bennets go Driving

“It almost goes without saying that the film is over-dressed,” says Mr. Agate in his review above of “*Pride and Prejudice*.” This picture of Mrs. and the Misses Bennet's setting out for a drive confirms his opinion. Mr. Agate also points out that in Hollywood, Hertfordshire, the rules of the road are not those observed in Hertfordshire, Eng. Lydia, Elizabeth, Kitty and Mrs. Bennet, facing the horses here, are Ann Rutherford, Greer Garson, Heather Angel and Mary Boland; back to the horses are Mary and Jane Bennet—Marsha Hunt and Maureen O'Sullivan. More pictures of “*Pride and Prejudice*,” which is being shown at the Empire, are on pp. 244-5



Mornings Ginger wears a "metropolitan suit" of black and black-and-white check, "a lacquered visor" of a hat, white scarf and gloves, and carries a shiny black bag



Afternoons she puts on a "carnation splashed silk print" with small black buttons up the front and half-way round the neck. Belt and high-heeled pumps are black patent leather



Evenings she goes dramatic in chalk-white crêpe with silver bugle beads strung from the neckline, and as a sash. Her matching coat is lined with jade-green crêpe



Nights are glamorous in shell-pink satin, the night-dress bodice "shirred for flattery" in shell-pink chiffon. The finger-tip-length coat is "casually full" in cut

Dressing up Ginger for "Lucky Partners"

In Her New Film Ginger Rogers is Only a Shop Girl, But She Dresses Like a Millionaire's Daughter.



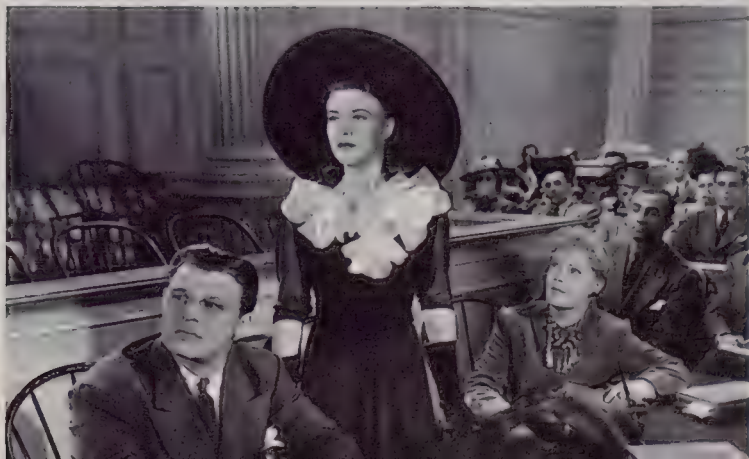
Bonne Chance, by Sacha Guitry, a brilliant soufflé of wit and romance, was the inspiration of *Lucky Partners*. But Greenwich Village has replaced Paris, and the little bookshop girl is dressed up in real Hollywood clothes, and somehow all is changed. However, Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers team well, and the story flashes along a slick, light-hearted, if complicated, course, under Lewis Milestone's direction. At the Gaumont last Sunday

Fathead fiancé of Ginger in the film is Jack Carson. Jealousy of his sweetheart's new friend brings him into her bedroom (gives him a chance to study her shell-pink negligee—see above, right, for details)

Trial scene (below) involves Ginger as well as the man she loves and the man she's engaged to. For this she wears black chiffon with white mousseline flowers at her neck, and a "breath of a veil" on her huge straw hat



Hero of Ginger's latest is Ronald Colman, who first appears as a penniless young caricaturist, and then turns out to be a famous portrait-painter who served a jail term for illustrating a children's book with indecent pictures. This, of course, is a false accusation, and all ends well



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Lords and Ladies

LORD LAMBTON is an engaging young man with lots of interests, and only twenty, which is always an exciting thing to be. He is fond of poetry, and of beagles; can be decisive when the occasion seems to demand it, but is tractable on the whole. Spends some of his time amusing himself, and other people, while keeping the seriousness of life in view.

Places for an amusing evening have dwindled, one way and another; so have the people to fill them. But relaxation must have its way, and Lord Normanton, in uniform, was out having a quiet drink, also the Duke of Rutland, in distinguished mess kit. Lord Poulett, too, still wearing a piece of plaster at a rakish angle.

Among the girls who dine out decoratively are Miss Ann Mackenzie, who has some nice lynx fur, Miss Christian Grant, whom emerald green suits very well, and Miss Diana Trench, with a rather Greek profile.

Stag-Party

THERE was a party last week at Lord Tredegar's house in South Audley Street; just some of the boys. Lord Tredegar is, of course, a devout Roman Catholic, and an energetic person about whom there are all sorts of almost legendary stories. He is also one of the few to carry right on from

the exhausting twenties, after serving through the last war.

Last year he married the beautiful Princess Olga Dolgorouky. His father bought an historic place in Wales, Cefn Manby, from the Kemys-Tynte family, but sold it again quite soon. That was in the days when big estates were things to be light-hearted about.

Birthday-Party

MISS ANN HANDLEY-PAGE has just celebrated her twenty-first birthday, with a luncheon-party of pre-war felicity. She is the eldest daughter of the manufacturer of famous aeroplane engines, and has two younger sisters, "Buffy," who is an artist, and Mary, not yet out.

All three are very keen horsewomen, and the heroine of the party is now Joint-Master, with Sir Jocelyn Lucas, of the Aldenham Harriers. Lady Lucas gave her an unusual present: a piece of stained glass blown from a window in the House of Lords.

Many of the guests were in Air Force uniform, and included Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney and Lady Courtney, General Scanlan, the United States Air Attaché, and the Belgian Air Attaché.

The luncheon took place in a famous restaurant, and when the cake, with its twenty-one candles, was brought in, there

was spontaneous clapping from lookers-on at surrounding tables, as well as from Miss Handley-Page's own guests.

Among these onlookers were Oriel Ross (Lady Poulett) and Lord Nunburnholme.

Changing Social Order

THE above is a familiar cry which recurred to me on being driven by a taxi driver smoking a large cigar that made my Player's "Weight" seem lighter than usual. The taxis that keep going during raids obviously do tremendous business, though I have come across very few attempting to profiteer.

There is one restaurant that specialises in getting its patrons away successfully, and has taxis ordered for the different times calculated as reasonable for the consumption of dinner. Must need quite a bit of working out, and it would be amusing to have one of those big boards of departures, as at Victoria Station—name of diner at the top, table he is to depart from, when, and where to—all obliterated with a click as he goes, and gives place to the next.

To keep up this service, an occasional auxiliary taxi is needed, and a very harum-scarum one was encountered last week. It was some kind of ordinary low-horse-powered saloon, and the driver only knew obvious and famous places, so that one had to progress in a roundabout way from point to point—Hyde Park Corner to Sloane Street, Sloane Street to Sloane Square, and so on—to get quite a short distance.

Apropos Hyde Park Corner, I got into a bus in the City behind two Colonial soldiers, and we bowled along, peering out of the windows. Eventually Hyde Park Corner was reached, and the conductor shouted out the news. The soldiers looked at each other a little querulously, and one said, "So this is Hyde Park Corner? Very out of the way, isn't it?"



Flight-Lieut. Cadman and Miss Carrol

Flight-Lieut. Richard E. C. Cadman, R.A.A.F., son of Air Commodore R. Cadman, of Llandaff, and a nephew of Lord Cadman, was married to Miss Constance St. Clair Carrol, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Fergie Carrol, and



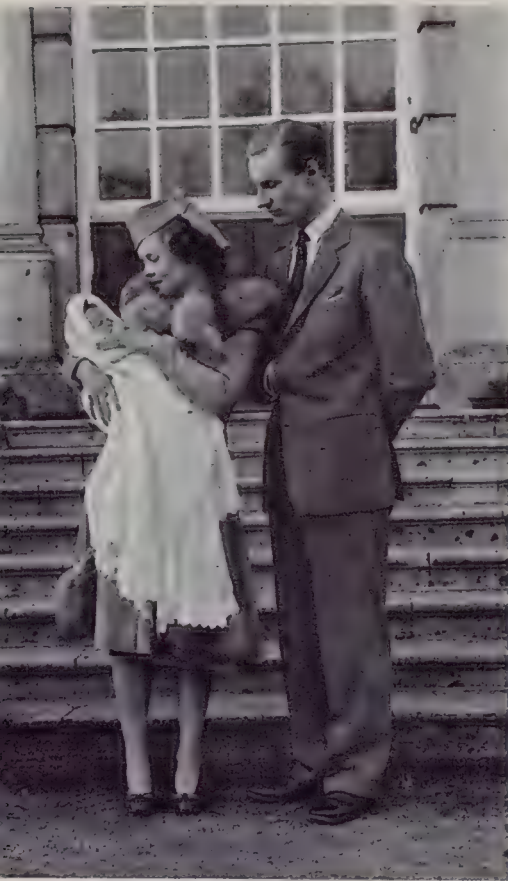
The Duke of Westminster

The Duke of Westminster, who has recently recovered from an illness, now lives at Ham Common, his Cheshire home, Eaton Hall, being the headquarters of the Grosvenor Estate Offices, dealing with his vast London and other properties,



The Hon. Mrs. John Stourton

This year there have been two flag days for the National Red Cross and St. John Fund, one in June and one last month. The Hon. Mrs. John Stourton, the wife of Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton's brother, was selling flags in



Marquess and Marchioness Townshend

The christening of the baby daughter of Lieut. Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, who was born in September, took place at Raynham, Norfolk. The baby was given the names of Carolyn Elizabeth Anne. Lady Townshend before her marriage in 1939, was Miss Elizabeth Luby, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Luby, I.C.S.



Mrs. Anthony Bazley

Sister-in-law of Sir Thomas Bazley, of Hatherop Castle, Glos., Mrs. Anthony Bazley, whose husband died suddenly a few years ago, has taken her two little girls, Juliet and Susan, to Canada for the duration of the war. Their picture was taken, just before they left, in the garden of Mrs. Bazley's Gloucestershire home, Dean Farm, Hatherop



Mr. Musker and Miss FitzRoy

Sec.-Lieut. Anthony Dermot Musker, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Mary Angela FitzRoy, eldest daughter of Captain Oliver FitzRoy, R.N., Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mrs. FitzRoy, of Strontian, Fort William, Argyllshire, were married at Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey. He is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker of Rushford Hall, Thetford, Norfolk

Soldiering

WHERE the young gentlemen congregate there usually arises the topic of their callings-up or volunteerings, and the various processes they will, are, or have been going through to emerge in the tunic they covet, or remain in the rougher stuff they prefer.

Quite a few go through it at the various Guards' Barracks, and the Guards surely are the hardest worked of anything—perpetual cleaning and polishing and applying of khaki-coloured blanco to belts and packs, on top of the super-special standards of drill and P.T.

Young Mr. Cochran-Barnet is among those who have won through ranks and O.C.T.U., and emerged an elegant officer. Apparently the O.C.T.U. period is sheer idleness and luxury after the barracks.

Cases of de-promotion have been known at the War Office—from First Lieutenant back to Second, for instance, but on the whole it seems to be the place where intellectually distinguished civilians can race up the ladder of military promotion at the smartest pace.

Mr. L. F. Kirwan, the archæologist, is already a Major, though younger than many a Major who went through Sandhurst as a boy. His tall, red-haired sister, Mrs. Pollock, was up from the country for a day last week. Her husband is a Brigadier, and good and dynamic at that.

Losing Scent

NATURALLY, such a loss is very immaterial, but perhaps all the more wistful on that account. How are the fragile ladies

going to feel without their auras of Dans la Nuit, Gardenia, Scandale, Amour Amour, Shocking, and so on? Because no more scent is coming into the country or being made, and so the moment of its ultimate end is in sight.

Women in uniform are all very well, but scent has much to do with their morale on occasional lapses into chiffon. But perhaps we shall revert to the days when no lady could afford to smell of anything except Eau de Cologne or Lavender Water, and make-up was confined to the furtive rustle of Papier Poudré, and silent, secret brush of the hare's foot. And perhaps true, natural beauty will have its day again, while the synthetic improvement falters in its stride.

Luncheons

THERE always seem to be some of these going on, and last week both the Dorchester and Grosvenor House were busy. The English-speaking Union had a date at the latter, and Mr. A. V. Alexander spoke with the emphasis and truculence suitable to a First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Cecil of Chelwood was in the chair, and there were lots of people there, including men with movie cameras, recording the gay scene.

One woman, faced with a toast, hoarsely whispered that she had nothing to drink in it. "Water will do," said her resourceful companion. "Will it?" "It did in the last war." And what was good enough for the last war certainly is for this.

Lady Beauchamp, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, Lady Priscilla Norman, and Colonel

and Mrs. Warren Pearl were among the distinguished guests.

Two More

AT the Dorchester next day was the fortnightly occasion of the National Defence Public Interest Committee, of which Colonel Lord Nathan of Churt is chairman. Lord Cranborne spoke with great efficiency, and some of the same people were there, and always wads of the Press.

Really, these gentlemen's lives must be very unequally balanced, with hours of leisure at these luncheons, followed, one presumes, by bouts of feverish activity turning over their copy in time to beat the "blitz." However, they keep going. I have met Mr. Munroe, who has been doing it for *The Times* since 1896, and from his aspect he might just have been umpiring village cricket all that time.

On the same day, Mr. Ronald Cross, Minister of Economic Warfare, was speaking at the Overseas League. Later in the day his wife came out for a drink, escorted by Captain Loyd, as Mr. Cross was busy. She is very nice, and has a lovely mink coat.

Comforting Troops

COMFORTS FOR THE TROOPS are occupying a good many people. Lady Ward has been running the reception and distribution of them from America, with Dudley House as headquarters, until it was bombed lately. Lady Robertson, wife of Sir Malcolm Robertson, M.P. for Mitcham, in place of Miss Thelma Cazalet, helps her.

(Concluded on page 266)

Scottish Album

Three Young Mothers and Their Children

Lady Dunglass married the Earl and Countess of Home's eldest son in 1936. Her two children are Lavinia Caroline, born in 1937, and Meriel Kathleen, who is a year old to-day fortnight. She was Elizabeth Hester Alington, is the daughter of the Dean of Durham and the Hon. Mrs. Alington. Her husband has been M.P. for Lanark since 1931, and Mr. Chamberlain's P.P.S. since 1936; he was operated on a few weeks ago in Edinburgh for spinal trouble and, though progressing well, will be convalescent for some considerable time. Lady Dunglass and her children were photographed at their home in Scotland—Springhill, Coldstream

Lady Ida Johnson has two children, a two-year-old daughter and a son born last July. She is the elder sister of the Earl of Dalhousie, married Major George Johnson, Scots Guards, in 1938, and is living in Scotland while her husband is with his regiment. Her brother, who is a bachelor, owns Dalhousie Castle in Midlothian, Brechin Castle, and Panmure House, Carnoustie

The Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie was Claudia Blackburn before her 1935 marriage to the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Southesk. She is the daughter of the Hon. Lord Blackburn, a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, and Lady Constance Blackburn, and is a cousin of the Queen. Captain Carnegie is in the 4th/5th Black Watch. Their son Robin was born in 1937. Their home is Burnside, Duntroon, near Dundee

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier



Lady Dunglass, with Lavinia and Meriel Douglas-Home



Lady Ida Johnson and Her Son and Daughter



The Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie and Robin



Lady Alexandra Haig, as chief assistant demonstrator at a Red Cross first-aid class, takes a patient's pulse, while the chief demonstrator, Miss Gething, shows how a fractured patella must be dealt with

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

First Aid Demonstrator

Lady Alexandra Haig Works for
a London V.A.D. Detachment

Lady Alexandra Haig is a mobile V.A.D. member of London Detachment 46, and has lately been acting as chief assistant demonstrator at first aid and home-nursing classes held by the British Red Cross Society at Lady Gladstone's house in Eaton Square. There she works under the direction of the chief demonstrator, Miss Gething. Lady Alexandra is the eldest of the three daughters of the late Field Marshal Earl Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F. during the greater part of the last war. Her brother, the second Earl and thirtieth Laird of Bemsyde, came of age last year, and is in the Greys



Lady Alexandra Haig was photographed in her V.A.D. uniform sitting at her desk in her London home in Duke Street. In the picture above, right, she shows how to bandage a broken jaw at a first-aid class

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SNATCHING the Greeks to their excitable bosoms as jolly old Great War buddies and praising them to the skies, the Press boys seem to have forgotten that awkward period during 1915—or was it '16?—when the Greek guns were trained on the British and French contingents at Salonika and it was touch and go whether they blew us into the wine-dark sea or not. As it happened, hither and thither dividing their swift minds, like the subtle Ulysses, they decided not to, and Venizelos swung the political game to our side; but extremely old-fashioned looks were cast on the Allies during that time of hesitation by the children of Prometheus, the old Hellenic custom of not shaving terribly well added to the aquiline grimness of the Hellenic pan, and Mount Olympus, brooding thyme-scented over the scene from the opposite side of the Gulf, seemed to be wrapped in the old predestinate Calvinist musings and awaiting some drama on a super-Sophoclean scale.

THE same situation will not happen this time, but in other ways Clio looks like repeating herself doggedly and plagiarising Compton Mackenzie wholesale. For example, the recent Italian ultimatum complained especially of the activities of the British Secret Service in the Greek Islands, with which every Mackenzie fan is familiar. Probably the same dalliance and the same strife are already engaging the John Ogilvies of the moment, for if the Greeks can continue producing those lissom, lovely wenches, there is likewise no reasonable limit to the British production of obstructive minor

brasshats, unless we are damnably misinformed.

Compare the adventures of Mr. Mackenzie's John Ogilvie with those of Mr. Maugham's Ashenden and you realise that in the British Secret Service there is a thick end, and that poor Mr. Ashenden got it. Serve him right anyway for being so cynical about women, the hound.

Tip

IT looks as if some of the troops will shortly be seeing one of the world's loveliest sights—the dazzling Isles of Greece rising in rose-red fire from a turquoise sunset-stained sea. Like every other spectacle of enthralling beauty, this provokes extreme melancholy, even to tears, and such expressions as “the smiling Cyclades” merely show the Woolworth outlook of the poetry boys. Excessive beauty spells pain and despair—we can never see a photograph of Anthony Eden without sobs—and the only way to cope with the Greek Archipelago is to ignore it, as the natives do.

The first time we saw that incredible sonnet in stone, the church of Brou, the cynical indifference of the cicerone disgusted us; he might have been showing us Bradford Town Hall. But later we realised that the honest man had been fighting the beauty of Brou most of his life, and had refused to let it get him down.

The same goes for the Metro-Goldwyn Follies, the shock of whose massed pulchritude at first makes a sensitive film director cry, yet before three weeks are out he is driving and herding them and bawling them out like so many heifers.



“He wants to demonstrate a death-ray apparatus which kills everything in a two-mile radius. . . .”

A STRONG line with Beauty is the thing. Stare Delos stoutly in the eye and Chios can't hurt you. Give Naxos the steady once-over and remember that Lesbos (Mitylene) was only a kind of civilised Bloomsbury, and that Sappho to-day would be a noisy member of the P.E.N. Club.

And if you ever meet a little actress who is too beautiful and dumb to bear, do as we do—produce a tiny ivory hammer and tap her firmly on her delicious noggin, saying “Stop it.” This courageous act of defiance has caused us to be known admiringly in West End stage and Ivy circles as *Histriomastix*, the *Players' Scourge*, or “that so-and-so.”

Gesture

THINGS have come to a pretty pass—as the Rugger Blue said when he found the female novelist hurtling into his arms—when the Prime Minister of Thailand, formerly Siam, has to explain hastily to the world that he wasn't giving a Totalitarian salute, he was merely waving to the crowd. You can hardly blow your nose nowadays without being accused of some ideological gesture, either odious, such as Fascist, or dopey, such as Communist.

Some time ago, if we remember rightly, one of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls, giving a big hello with other sympathisers to some Spanish politician of the Left Wing, explained next day that although it certainly looked as if her dainty clenched fist was extended in the Communist salute, such extremes were not in her mind—in other words, she was appealing to the doctrine of Intention, the exercise of which, the theologians say, may be actual, virtual, or interpretative.

BUT what an age, in which millions of human bipeds spend their time jerking their arms like marionettes and making tomfool gestures on which their lives may hang! The Germans, who were always nuts that way, are to-day in such a state of mania that in Berlin, a neutral traveller reported recently, you see masses of morons in uniform roving round, scanning every crowd with popping eyes and striving anxiously to find somebody to salute.

And when we come down to fundamentals, as the actress said to the stockbroker, it is clear that the only hope for Europe and the world, humanly speaking,

(Concluded on page 234)



“Er—hello, playmates”

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Doctor Livingstone, I presume! Well, 'ow's darkest Europe, buddy?”

Standing By ...

(Continued)

lies in somebody's being able to dissuade the German nation en masse from this immemorial addiction.

Maybe the Zabern incident all those years ago could be used as a theme for embroidery. You remember how a Prussian lieutenant ran a citizen through the body with his sword because the citizen failed to raise his hat smartly enough? A kick or a boff on the bean would be quite sufficient. This might seem absurdly weak or trifling at first to the German, who is used to being kicked and beaten from cradle to grave by nurses, schoolmasters, sergeant-majors, policemen, and other civic authorities, but in time he would realise that a gentler age has dawned. Oh, the tears of joy and wonder in those dazed blue Nordic eyes!

Exile

MOST Dismaying Piece of News of Last Week was a gossip-boy's revelation that he had seen Mr. Michael Arlen dining in Manchester. ("The novelist, now greying a little, has renounced, by the way, all allegiance to the Riviera.") Beau Brummell's exile in Manchester during his brief military career, and Rivarol, expelled from Paris, glooming along the dismal quays of Hamburg, are the obvious historic parallels, unless you like to plunge deeper in despair and drag in Slogger Ovid mooning and moaning on the Black Sea shore.

But we guess Mr. Arlen's polished stoicism is putting these whimpering butterflies to shame. No groan (we dare aver) escapes him as he paces beneath those sunless skies, elbowed by strange grim aboriginals uttering fierce, flat, uncouth, and unintelligible locutions, pronouncing the "a" short in "bath" (a very shudder-provoking custom), exhibiting barbarous braggadocio and brusquerie and repulsively attired. No cry of agony for a lost Capua issues (we venture to affirm) from Mr. Arlen as he steps into the Midland, packed with red-faced business men roaring at their food, nor does one fleeting sigh for the Ritz, Paris

(where we last saw him, as decoratively centred in that elegant milieu as the figure of Spring in Botticelli's picture) betray ignoble weakness. As D'Aureville said of the wounded Dandy of the Regency, he wears a mask and drinks his blood.

IT'S the very devil, and we doubt if even the gaities of the Triana or gipsy quarter of Manchester, centring round the *Guardian* office in the Calle de la Cruz, can do much to compensate the distinguished exile.

However, the dancing is good—little Lunita Perez used to twirl a nice farruca—and the *Guardian* chals, though passionate and quick on the draw, using mostly the Navarrese guard, are matey enough when you get to know them.

Boon

EXCEPT for the human suffering involved, Nazi bombs are doing civilisation an oblique service by showing up our old buddy the Speculative Builder and the shameful work with which he defiles the suburbs and fringes of our big towns. Where the honest brick or half-timber or weather-boarded country cottage of mediæval or eighteenth-century or Jacobean build trembles and stoutly takes the strain, the same blast will lay half-a-dozen poor little shoddy "estate" houses flat and expose their pitiful tin and cardboard entrails wholesale to the cynical moon. (Not that it takes a bomb to knock some of these dolls'-houses over. We've often thought a strong stout citizen with one good sneeze could send an entire avenue flying.)

EVERY age has its jerry-building, and the progressive decline in the morals of the British jerry-builder since the Roman conquest would make an interesting study. The Roman himself didn't know the secret of small profits and quick returns, judging by those long slim bricks set in adamant mortar which still remain to defy Time from the Grampians to the Euphrates. The Mediæval may have scamped his interior



"It's only a piece of shrapnel, but I just can't bring myself to take it out"

plaster-work (though comparatively rarely), but he knitted his building together with strong oaken beams which are generally as good now as they were when he put them in. The Jacobean (e.g., Wren) sometimes filled a pier or two with inferior rubble, but he never cheated on the main fabric.

It was left to the Age of Progress to build with deliberate dishonesty from floor to roof, and now the Nazis are ripping this mean stuff to pieces the spectator can judge what ought to happen to the speculative builder when the day of cleaning-up arrives.

We wouldn't have him hanged, along with the usurers and the politicians their tools. We'd have a nice little estate or concentration camp of three-ply villas, each with a cheap Tudoresque façade and a stained-glass-inset door, built on some high bleak Northumbrian upland—say Carter Fell—with a tall iron fence round it, and we'd keep him there till the healing winds had done their work. The Hog!

Crusade

CHARGED with defacing A.R.P. notices put up by Holborn Borough Council by writing on them, a citizen told the Clerkenwell magistrate he did so because one of them contained a split infinitive, and he wanted to show up the inefficiency of the authorities.

Alas for this public-spirited but too hasty gesture! The split infinitive doesn't invariably matter. Schoolmasters and pedants may roar that it always does, but the great Fowler, whose cane is ever in his lily hand, gives them a very dirty look indeed in *Modern English Usage* and practically calls them cake-eaters and poops. "We will split infinitives rather than be ambiguous or artificial," thunders Slogger Fowler, tucking up his cuffs and motioning to the Headmasters' Conference to bend over.

THIS shows that it is often possible to set very stiff and overbearing authorities at each other's throats, which is a diverting spectacle and highly useful in a controversy. Though not so useful as a fine trick, practised only by master-duellists, which is suddenly to lavish regretful, extravagant praise on your opponent's principal competitor or rival in the same field, thereby driving him nuts with jealousy and rage.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"... And now Mrs. Beltingham-Bloodworthy has come to talk to us about 'Molotov Bottles'"

Theatre-land goes North

"Plays and Music" Takes Beatrice Lillie and Vic Oliver Out on a Tour of the Provinces

• A week or two ago our photographer, Russell Sedgwick, followed the theatre north to Blackpool. He found there several shows, opening, preparing to open, or getting ready for the provincial road. Pictures of some of these, including "Very Tasty, Very Sweet" (Flanagan and Allen), we published last week. Here are photographs of the stars of another show, "Plays and Music," which should by now have arrived in Oxford



Vic Oliver always introduces himself and his violin with a patter of apologies



Beatrice Lillie sings "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden"

In *Plays and Music*, Bea Lillie and Vic Oliver do some solo turns of their own, besides appearing in three of those playlets of Noel Coward's that London saw, with Gertrude Lawrence and Coward himself in them, at the Phoenix a year or two back. Bea Lillie sings some of her best songs in her own matchless style: J. B. Priestley, who saw her performance in Blackpool, says she is even more brilliant now than when he watched her in New York a few years ago. And Vic Oliver plays his violin and the piano, and cracks jokes about this and that. The idea of an intimate show built round these two stars originated with H. M. Tennent, who had a hunch that the public might have seen enough "leg" shows, and be glad of something a shade more personal. He was right. *Plays and Music* packed the Grand Theatre at Blackpool, and at Bristol people were turned away. This week it is at Oxford's New Theatre, and next week it goes on to Leeds

(Continued on following pages)



Theatreland Goes North (Continued)

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"



Lady Maureen ("Piggie") Gilpin met all sorts of people when she was world cruising and invited most of them to come and see her in London. When Mr. and Mrs. Wadhurst of Malaya turn up, she hasn't the faintest idea who they are (Alan Webb, Beatrice Lillie, Joyce Carey)



Another unexpected guest at "Piggie" Gilpin's cocktail party in "Hands Across the Sea" is Mr. Burnham, a young tradesman who has called to see her husband on business, and gets swept into the party by mistake (Beatrice Lillie, Kenneth Carten)

"FUMED OAK"



Henry Gow, of Balham, was a henpecked husband, a bullied father, a down-trodden son-in-law. Even at breakfast his wife and daughter give him no peace. In this "unpleasant comedy," as Noel Coward himself described it, Vic Oliver and Joyce Carey now play the parts taken at the Phoenix by Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. Moya Nugent as daughter Elsie repeats her performance of 1936

"RED PEPPERS"



The third Coward contribution to "Plays and Music" is "Red Peppers," his satirical sketch of a provincial music-hall number on and off the stage, which he and Gertrude Lawrence created at the Phoenix. Vic Oliver and Bea Lillie now team up as the Peppers. First of all, they appear as a couple of Jack Tars from H.M.S. Horrible. Unfortunately, Mrs. Pepper drops her telescope as they make their exit



The Balham worm turns. £500 of savings give Henry Gow courage, and he hands £50 of it to Doris, his wife, with the announcement that he is departing for ever (Vic Oliver, Joyce Carey). This is Mr. Oliver's second appearance as a straight actor; his first was in "Idiot's Delight," on tour, when he took the part played by Raymond Massey and Lee Tracy in London



The worm not only turns, but turns the whole structure of his universe upside down by slapping his mother-in-law's face. Mrs. Rockett in the touring revival of "Fumed Oak" is played by Jorm ("I'm Very Good at Imitating Sheep") Swinstead. Alison Leggatt took this part at the Phoenix, also that of Mrs. Wadhurst in "Hands Across the Sea"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Back in their dressing-room, the Peppers begin to quarrel about the dropped telescope and go on to wrangle bitterly over half-a-dozen old resentments, of their professional lives. Both Beatrice Lillie and Vic Oliver made their stage debut on the music-hall stage, and know just where satire ends and burlesque begins in this backstage scene. Oliver himself was in the banking and cloth-manufacturing businesses before he became a pianist and then a comedian



The Peppers' second turn is a man-about-town number which ends in confusion owing to the conductor's spiteful accelerando. While this sketch and his other two playlets tour the provinces, Noel Coward is on his way from America, via Japan, to Australia, where as a guest of the Australian Government he is to work for the Red Cross, and the British war effort in general. He may be back in England in the New Year

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Formula for Love

MOST conventional love-stories leave me stone cold. Usually they are about everything except love. Just a human desire for mating, accompanied by a number of physical perfections—or what look like perfections to the eye of the amorous beholder. It just means nothing at all in the long run. And love—real love—has to run a very long time before it knows itself to be what it is, or, peradventure, what it isn't.

Sometimes I think that to love is a kind of talent or genius, like music and painting. You possess it or you do not. But anybody can dabble in the arts and, however poor the quality, someone will consider the result satisfying. Besides, love—or what passes for love—has become a kind of life's habit. You are expected to fall in love sooner or later, and you do—to the extent of having cuddlesome feelings towards someone of the opposite sex. So long as these cuddlesome feelings are strong enough, a young man or woman decides that very definitely they are in love. They marry, and not only hope for, but expect, the best.

Then something seems to happen, as a rule, and a whole wide gap of mental and spiritual vacuum has to be filled in somehow or other if they are to continue to live together amicably for the rest of their lives. Children can fill this vacuum, or common interest in the home, or marriage may have become a habit—like going to work. Then, should death part them, they will comfortably marry someone else after a suitable interval. They will be in love for the second time, and there need be no surprise if a third or fourth or fifth experience follows the earlier one.

So love becomes a kind of conventional custom which people expect of one—like catching the more infantile diseases. Well, love I suppose it is—but it only faintly resembles the pain and the suffering and the bitter bliss which love can be.

Love Takes All

FEW of the greatest love-stories have ever been written. Most people wouldn't understand them if they had been. It is so much easier to comprehend a kind of Romeo-and-Juliet affair and to consider that that is, so to speak, the last word in romance. The songs a crooner sings is the lilt of their sentimental dreams. Than this nothing surely can be more completely banal? However, why worry, when, for most people, love seems so much and means, usually, so little. It is enough for nature's purposes, anyway.

All the same, I sometimes think that the greatest lovers never come together. It is more a mental and spiritual ecstasy than a physical one. A kind of psychological frustration which grows upon its own starvation, its more tragic side being summed up best by that cynical but alas! only too true French saying that in love there is always one who loves and one who allows himself to be loved. I have not yet decided within myself which is to be the more pitied or the more envied. It is a question, I suppose, of living or letting life flow by you and through you. The greater joy of living for another or, what may seem an even greater joy, the joy of still having a life of one's own.

For that is the worst of love—apart from the mushy quality of a crooner's dream of bliss—it destroys one's defences against the

hurt of the world. It leaves you naked and rather helpless, and it leaves wide open to every wind that blows that inner sanctuary within ourselves where alone we may find peace and quiet, and hope and secret laughter. Briefly, the hidden pivot from which our whole personality flows and in which it finds its complete self-expression.

A Great Story

IN *The Voyage* (Macmillan; 9s.), by Mr. Charles Morgan, you will find a great story of love—difficult for the average easy sentimentalist to understand, but not difficult to comprehend by people who realise the tortuous and difficult path which a deep, spiritual understanding has to traverse before it realises the enduring strength of its emotion. It is the tale of an endless exploration of the spirit across seas which are continuously raging—the sanctuary of harbourage for ever in sight, yet for ever remaining a mirage.

The man, Theophile Hazard, a simple, single-hearted creature, so closely akin to nature that the world and all within it which moved and breathed were as indivisible as one pattern woven relentlessly by the hand of destiny. The woman, Thérèse Despreux—a famous café concert singer of Paris of the 'eighties; a woman who passed from one lover to the next—adoring each one; yet at the same time hating him; needing a lover, yet also despising him, herself, and the illusion which brought them together.

Her singing expressed her philosophy:

The song had an edge of cruelty, of scorn for mankind and for herself, which when it was sung as she sang it now—with a mask-like face and an insatiable hunger in the wide, penetrating eyes—made her rhythm the rhythm of a lash; and, feeling her audience, made raw by imprisonment, quiver beneath her attack, she allowed a delight of power to appear in the cumulative gesture of her body, her whole being to take light. She flashed herself into these men's eyes, estimating her strength by their excitement and by provoking pleasure which, in them, was indistinguishable from suffering.

(Concluded on page 240)



A Song-writer and His Wife

Bassano

Captain David Heneker is the composer of two recent song-hits, "There Goes My Dream" and "Mist on the River," and has a new number, "Much More Lovely," being brought out in America. Last Thursday he broadcast to the Forces in the weekly N.A.A.F.I. concert, conducting one of his songs and singing another with Geraldo and his band. His wife was Gwenol Satow, is the daughter of Judge Satow (Court of Appeal, Cairo), and a niece of Viscount Chilton.



Liberals at Oxford

Dingle Foot, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare, went down to Oxford the other day to address its young Liberals. Here he is between the President and Secretary of the Oxford University Liberal Club at whose meeting he spoke. President is Kenneth G. I. Jones (University), secretary is H. Lewis Clark (Jesus). Mr. Foot has represented Dundee since 1931, is the son of a famous Liberal and leader of the temperance movement, the Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot, and brother of Michael Foot, "Evening Standard" leader-writer.



Lady Smith-Dorrien Finds Tapestry Work a Wartime Relaxation

Lady Smith-Dorrien, D.B.E., daughter of Colonel John Schneider, of Furness Abbey, Lancashire, is the widow of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who held high command in the B.E.F. in the early days of the last war; became C.-in-C. of the East African forces, and later was the very popular Governor of Gibraltar from 1918 to 1923. Lady Smith-Dorrien's great hobby is needlework; she is a wonderful tapestry worker, and was awarded the Coronation Medal for work done in Westminster Abbey in 1937. She lives at The Annexe in Exhibition Road, close to the Royal School of Needlework, of which she has been the Principal since 1932, and also has an apartment at Hampton:

Court Palace. She finds that there has been a great revival in tapestry work since the air raids began, as an artistic relaxation from the knitting and more prosaic forms of needlework connected with war comforts and supplies, to which so many hours are given. Needlework is a centuries-old remedy for nerves, and women standing by for night duties are stitching elaborate patterns like those worked by the ladies in mediæval times while their men-folk fought on the battlefield. Queen Mary, an ardent and accomplished needlewoman, is working on two lovely old French fruit designs of pomegranates, grapes and pears, which, when finished, will be mounted as chair seats

With Silent Friends

(Continued from page 238)

The Background of the Tale

THE background of this unusual love-story—which is more a spiritual adventure into the higher and more hidden realms of the soul than a tale of sentiment and passion—is the vineyard cultivated and tended by Hazard with a singleness of purpose which belonged to his nature, both as lover and as gaoler. As gaoler—because half of the house was a prison, and when the prisoners rioted, Hazard alone could restore them to order and to resignation by his philosophy of acceptance—acceptance of the world's pain, only made endurable by love and compassion and understanding; his own philosophy towards the whole of creation.

And the songs that Hazard sang, Thérèse interpreted in her own fashion to the world of Paris—perfecting them in her own way, stressing their hidden meanings, their undercurrent of freedom and liberty only to be seen in nature untrammelled by laws and customs. These two, Hazard and Thérèse, so opposite and yet so akin; links binding them together which they could not understand—links they both feared and cherished, tried to break, yet for ever joined together again. It is a lovely story, beautifully written. Not, perhaps, easy to follow if you are not eager to take the voyage of the spirit in its more difficult experiences, but, once comprehended, exciting and satisfying.

The One Who Loved

“NEVER GO DARK” (Heinemann; 8s.), by Emery Bonett, is the kind of love-story which is so easy to understand that you smile when you hear it. Not that it is a happy love-story; it isn't. But most people are more interested in a love-story which is bathed in tears. It permits them to cry fictitiously themselves, and that is always an emotional relief. On the other hand, some persons may yearn to give Gretel, the heroine, a good shaking and tell her to buck up; a thing which a mawkish sentimentalist never has the least intention of doing—much preferring their woe.

Yet Gretel was the stage manager of the Mousetrap Repertory in Fulham—a position which surely demands some kind of buck. The man she loved with such a doglike devotion was the producer, Gabriel, who fought valiantly for the theatre against the films and almost wore himself out trying to convert the unimaginative and indifferent of Fulham. And in this fight Gretel played an equally valiant part; what time was left from her state of woeeful infatuation. Perhaps she might have put up a better fight—at least for herself—had not Miss Bonett and most of the characters in her story been so exasperatingly sympathetic.

In Gretel's mental and emotional slavery there is more than a suspicion of self-pity and self-propaganda. Consequently, both she and Gabriel left me feeling rather cold. I was far more interested in the minor characters which crowd the scene; some of whom are brilliantly etched in; and in the whole life of a repertory theatre—its difficulties, financial and temperamental; its brief triumphs, its equally brief failures, and the whole atmosphere of behind the scenes.

So although I count it rather disappointing as a love-story, it isn't the least disappointing as a story with an interesting background, or as the meeting-place of a delightfully drawn collection of stage folk and their ways of thought and living. While there is one super-excellent study of a dentist's receptionist who—out of a short life's experience—somehow managed to squeeze one good play.

Away from the Present

FORTUNATELY, or unfortunately, I am not one of those who yearn to wallow in the present. The war is sufficiently haunting to keep it well in the background, if there be the least chance of pushing it there. We shall have more than enough of war stories later on, anyway. There was another world altogether, and there will be another world again—sometime. So I personally like to revisit the world I once knew, if only because it somehow seems to make the present world more easy to endure—by forgetting all about it.

And so, apart from its delightful readability, I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Ernest

Raymond's new novel, *A Song of the Tide* (Cassell; 9s. 6d.), simply because it took me right away from 1940 and into a period undefined, but one everybody who is adult will remember. It is a story of character and description, and it is best of all when the plot is, so to speak, hung up. One feels—or at least, I felt—that somehow Roddy Stewart, the grocer's errand-boy, and Fay Warren, the lovely, silly, pathetic, adorable usherette at the local cinema, could have been left to work out their own salvation in their own way without, so to speak, having tragedy thrust upon them; or, anyway, the kind of tragedy they had to endure.

Nevertheless, both are real people, vital and interesting. Remarkably real, too, are Mr. Raymond's descriptions of places such as Brixton and the district on the Surrey side of the Thames; while the scenes laid at the ringside and in those quiet, out-of-the-way, homely little public houses which abound in London (if you know where to look for them) are superb bits of descriptive writing, with the characters which haunt such districts as real as you or I. So although it is rather like reading of a dead world which now seems so remote from us that we might never have lived in it, it is nice to go back there even in a story; perhaps especially in a story which is so delightful and so very easy to read.

Up-to-Date Murder.

SAID the French Inspector: “The British public would accept the news of the death from German bullets of a thousand British Tommies sadly but philosophically. But the murder behind the lines of one British soldier . . . !” Well, in Mr. Bruce Graeme's new detective story, *The Corporal Died in Bed* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), a British Tommy is murdered behind the lines, and the hunt to discover the murderer and the reasons for his crime make an exciting story. But this tale is bang up to date because it is a tale of 1940 and it begins in billets near the frontier and ends soon after the Franco-German armistice. And the changed atmosphere in France before and after this terrible event is vividly described. So this is not only an excellent detective story, but one which is topical to a very interesting degree.



Canteen-Manager

Twenty-two-year-old Iris Birtwistle runs the Aldershot Catholic Soldiers' Club. She is the daughter of J. A. Birtwistle, of Houghton, Lancs. Her sister Annette is another helper



Nurses

Diana Cartmell and Lydia Watson are two young nurses at a military hospital somewhere in England's best hunting country



More Nurses, Sister, and Commandant

Four more of the staff of the hospital into which a large country house in the Shires has been converted are Beryl Bruce, Valerie Ship, Sister Tipping, and Mrs. Reggie Farquhar, who is the hard-working and efficient commandant



The Director of the Tate Gallery, thirty-nine-year-old Dr. John Rothenstein, surveys the damage caused by the German bombs which seriously injured the building on two occasions. Fortunately, a large majority of the works of art had been removed to places of greater safety within six days of the outbreak of war. Many of the pictures are stored in a mediæval castle in the North of England and in two large country houses in the Midlands

Members of the staff who used to show visitors round the Galleries, now equipped with steel helmets and gas-masks, are engaged in removing fallen glass and clearing up the debris in the New Duveen Sculpture Gallery, which was given by Sir Joseph Duveen, together with a wing for Modern Foreign Art

Bombed Gallery

Dr. John Rothenstein
Inspects the Tate Ruins

The Tate Gallery, an offspring of the National Gallery, was presented to the nation, together with sixty-five pictures, by the late Sir Henry Tate, who died in 1899. The Turner Wing was added in 1910, four rooms being given to the large and important Turner collection. Dr. John Rothenstein, Sir William Rothenstein's eldest son, has been Director of the Tate since 1938. He is an outstanding figure in the art world: before taking up his post at the Tate he was Director of the City Art Galleries and Ruskin Museum in Sheffield, and earlier still was Assistant Art Professor at the Universities of Kentucky and Pittsburgh. When in Kentucky he met and married Miss Elizabeth Kennard Whittington, a dark-haired El Greco type of beauty

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick





Bull-Terriers

Viscountess Harcourt was photographed with two of her bull-terriers. Before her marriage to the second Viscount Harcourt she was the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor, only sister of Lord Ebury

Home Guard-ing

Viscountess Harcourt "Holds the Fort" at Home and With the Upper Thames Patrol



Old Town

The Hon. Penelope and the Hon. Anne Harcourt are standing in front of Old Town, the small house on the estate in which Lady Harcourt is temporarily settled



A New Form of Warfare

Lady Harcourt puts her youngest daughter, on the back of her first mount, one of the delightful reputation for obstinacy and slowness, are used



Taking the Cow by the Horns

Life in the country has many vicissitudes and much variety. On one occasion Lady Harcourt tackles Ada, the cow, who appears rather obstinate, and later administers a dose to Suki, while the other bull-terrier and the dachshunds watch the proceedings, glad that it is not their turn for medicine



Dosing the Dog

On Duty with the Upper Thames Patrol Home Guard



Women Members of the U.T.P. Home Guard

Mrs. Wilder (third from left, front row) is the General Commander of the Women's Section of the Upper Thames Patrol Home Guard, which has its headquarters at her home, where meetings and lectures take place. Lady Harcourt, next to Mrs. Wilder (on right), is a section leader



Home Guard Car Escort

Mrs. Wilder and Lady Harcourt and their cars are attended by an escort of Home Guards, who with the Upper Thames Patrol are responsible for maintaining communications, and patrolling the roads when the river is impossible. The cars have a special badge, and a navy-blue uniform with a blue armlet is worn by the members



Time Transport

Hon. Virginia Verne Harcourt, on looking donkeys, who, in spite of their as a means of transport in wartime

The Upper Thames Patrol Home Guard is one of the many units working for the safety of the people of this country. Their work is arduous but interesting. The River Patrol is divided into two sections, the Water Patrol, operating entirely on the water in launches, and the Shore Patrol, both of which work in conjunction with the County Home Guard. In addition to the men members, there are approximately fifty women, whose job is to maintain communications. They are trained in map-reading, writing and transmitting messages at weekly classes held by the Company Commander. Lady Harcourt is a section leader in this Patrol, and has, as well, innumerable interests on the property where she and the children spend much time on the farm with the cows, geese, pigs and chickens, not to mention the donkeys and their four dogs, two bull-terriers and two dachshunds

Photographs by Swaebe



Ring-a-Ring-o'-Roses

Lady Harcourt works hard looking after the business of the estate, as well as her family. She has a game of "Ring-a-Ring-o'-Roses" with her three children, Virginia, Anne, and Penelope, on the lawn at Old Town, where they are now living, having given up Nuneham Park for the duration of the war

One imagines the prospects for bacon in this country are good when one sees a litter of eleven sturdy little pigs like those that Lady Harcourt and her three children are watching at feeding time

(Below) A Very Fine Litter



Shore Patrol Leader

The Shore Patrol, responsible for guarding bridges and locks, is under the able leadership of Major Lestock Reid who inspects the posts on horseback



"Pride and Prejudice"

Some Scenes from the Hollywood
Version of Jane Austen's Novel



Best friend of Elizabeth Bennet is Charlotte Lucas, "a sensible, intelligent young woman," who married Elizabeth's rejected suitor, Mr. Collins. Here Charlotte (Karen Morley) laces up Elizabeth's stays



Aunt of haughty Mr. Darcy is the formidable and dictatorial Lady Catherine de Bourgh, "a tall, large woman, with strongly marked features, which might once have been handsome." Edna May Oliver has been chosen to play her on the screen



The eldest of the five Misses Bennet is Jane, of whom her future husband says on first meeting her, "Oh, she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld!" And he is Mr. Bingley, "good-looking and gentleman-like; he had a pleasant countenance, and easy unaffected manners." These two on the screen are Maureen O'Sullivan and Bruce Lester



Elizabeth Bennet, that proud, intelligent, high-spirited girl who has "more quickness of observation and less pliancy of temper than her sister, and with a judgment unassailed by any attention to herself," is played by Greer Garson. Mr. Darcy's "fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien" appear in the person of Laurence Olivier. And Miss Bingley, who intends that Mr. Darcy shall be her and not Elizabeth's husband, is Frieda Inescort

When M.G.M. decided to film Jane Austen's novel, no less a person than Aldous Huxley was called in to help Jane Murfin readapt Helen Jerome's stage adaptation of it, with Robert Z. Leonard as director. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier have been generally praised for their performances as the heroine and hero of one of the world's most-read stories. To fanatical Jane-ites any tampering with their goddess's writings is sacrilege, and less captious critics agree that there is more of Hollywood than 'early nineteenth-century Hertfordshire in much of the film, but *Pride and Prejudice* (at the Empire) is nevertheless a pleasant piece of "period" entertainment with some dialogue by Jane Austen herself



Mr. Darcy (Laurence Olivier) proposes to Elizabeth: "In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you." But Elizabeth at this stage dislikes Mr. Darcy intensely and replies: "I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry"



Mr. Collins (Melville Cooper), pompous and garrulous clergyman cousin of the Bennets, assures Elizabeth in the most animated language of the violence of his affection

The Bennet family array themselves below, thus: Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan), the flighty Lydia (Ann Rutherford), Elizabeth (Greer Garson), Mr. Bennet (Edmund Gwenn), plain, piano-playing Mary (Marsha Hunt), Kitty (Heather Angel), and Mrs. Bennet, vulgar, silly and snobbish (Mary Boland)



The Theatre

Performing on the Air

By Herbert Farjeon

"Hi, Gang!" and "Carlisle Express" (B.B.C.)

THE Stuff to Give the Troops, of which we heard so much during the last war, has, with the advent of wireless and the present war, become the Stuff to Give the Forces, who, as you may have gathered, are given a programme of their own by the British Broadcasting Corporation; but while this is, no doubt, a well-meant attention, I must confess that for my own part, after hearing two vaudeville entertainments for the Forces hurled over the air the other Sunday night, I am quite content to remain a civilian.

For what is it that the Forces are supposed by the B.B.C. to like? Since there were several similarities between *Hi, Gang!* (presented at 8.15) and *Carlisle Express* (presented at 9.20), one may hazard a guess. In the first place, then, a lot for your money, regardless of quality. Joke after joke after joke, no matter how stale or how unrefreshing—a joke's a joke for a' that, especially when put across by such masters of pace and pitch as Vic Oliver and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, or as Elsie Carlisle and Max Bacon and Len Childs.

Pace and pitch—there you have the secret of the up-to-date radio wisecracker. Don't give the public a moment to think, for a moment to think means ruination. Falstaff may linger and pause, because every word he utters is rich with wit and deep with implications. But the stars named above must gabble, so that when they say, as one of them did, "Are you undressing me?" instead of "Are you addressing me?", it will soon be drowned in the spate; or when they say, as another of them did, "Every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it," you won't have time to recall when you first heard this ancient Irish Bull or how many times you have heard it since. These guys certainly do know how to turn on the tap and keep it flushing.

IN the second place, the B.B.C. seems to have concluded that there is nothing the Forces like better than to hear B.B.C. comedians and producers who are paid to be funny devoting a large part of their considerable energies to advertising themselves. Both *Hi, Gang!* and *Carlisle Express* had the air of being a glorification of the people who performed them or who arranged them, one of the hardest-worked self-advertising ideas being that glamour can't help collecting if you are called by your Christian name every other minute in front of people who don't know you.

I have always understood that the B.B.C. set its face against advertising anything outside the organisation, but the way it advertises things inside the organisation would make a boiled lobster blush. The atmosphere of unblushing vulgarity created by a lot of what would appear to be rather commonplace people possessed of what would appear to be no very outstanding ability, all boosting each other at the mike during their allotted half-hour or forty minutes just as hard as they can boost, would be difficult to surpass.

Is this what the Forces really want? Or do they merely take it with a submissive shrug?

IT was noticeable that in both the vaudeville programmes, there was the suggestion of a story. Somebody had to be in love with, or, shall we say, keen as mustard

on, Elsie Carlisle; so Max Bacon was. Somebody had to be in love with, or, shall we again say, keen as mustard on, Bebe Daniels; so Ben Lyon and Vic Oliver were. This was all part of the advertising game. It did not, however, prevent Mr. Oliver from referring, as he never misses an opportunity of referring, to his marriage, on which we congratulate him, but of which we have now heard enough.

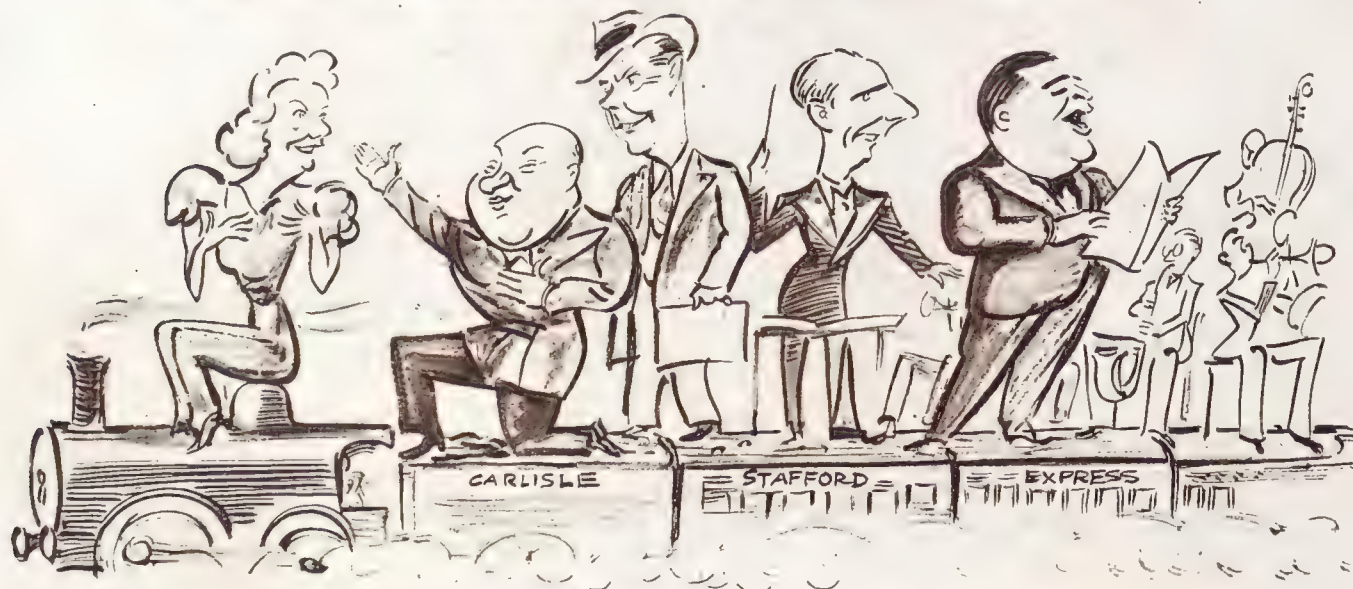
Other common factors in the two programmes were two dream-songs, Miss Daniels singing "Darn that Dream" ("Darn your lips, Darn your eyes"), and Miss Carlisle singing "My Greatest Mistake Was Dreaming of You"—only she said "misdake" instead of "mistake," as Miss Daniels said "waiding" for "waiting."

SOME good moments were provided by Nauntun Wayne, who can afford not to hurry. There is salt in Mr. Wayne, and I should be surprised to learn that he keeps a gag-book. I should be no less surprised to learn that the others don't.



"Hi, Gang!": Vic Oliver, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon

"Carlisle Express": Elsie Carlisle, Max Bacon, Nauntun Wayne, Charles Shannon (conductor), Fred Yule



Sketches
by Sallón

Dancing Skater

Some New Studies of June Brae in the
Ashton-Meyerbeer Ballet "Les Patineurs"



Les Patineurs with its gay tuneful music, the unforced brilliance of its "skating" choreography, and its exciting divertissement solos, has been the most popular light ballet in the Sadler's Wells repertoire since its first performance in the spring of 1937. Its success has been repeated again during the E.N.S.A. tour which the Vic-Wells company completed on Saturday. June Brae has one of the more graceful, less spectacular "Patineurs" solos, of which the three action-studies on the right were taken. It is planned that she as well as Pamela May should share the ballerina's role in *Giselle* with Margot Fonteyn when that ballet is performed again. (Incidentally, *Giselle* celebrates its hundredth birthday next year.) This great dramatic role for her should be particularly interesting, for she has shown herself in a wide range of balletic characterisations to be as talented an actress as she is dancer. But *Giselle* has not so far been taken on tour, so this is a matter for the future. For the present, the Wells company begin another tour next week, this time on their own account, starting at Manchester and moving about the Midlands for four weeks. After that they go to Devon for a month's season, with Dartington Hall as their headquarters.

Photographs by Anthony

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Διὺτε παῖδες τῷ Ἑλλήνῳ"

Greek Fire

IT seems almost unnecessary to quote this line from the famous Greek war-song, because her sons have already fallen-in and gone forth as one man against the foe. I think I prefer "fall in" to Byron's "arise"; but then, the poet made no claim to a literal translation into verse of the patriot Riga's battle-song. All that he did claim was that his poem was as literal as he could make it, and that it was in the same measure as the original. Of the fact that it breathes the same fine spirit there is no question.

Dissemination

DISSEMINATION of force has been frowned upon by all the great captains in history. To compel your opponent to disseminate, whilst preserving your own concentration, is a basic principle. Von Clausewitz died of cholera in 1831, and he was then only fifty-one, but the general principles which he laid down still live, and their correctness has never been disproved. Here is the main one, and it is an easy one to remember:

"There is no simpler and more imperative rule for strategy than to keep all the forces concentrated."

Von Clausewitz's works comprise the Bible of the German General Staff. This being so, it would be interesting to know what the head of that skilled organisation really thinks of Italy's disregard of this principle, with all the obvious implications which it involves.

Italy's "Mare Nostrum"

THE following passage from the chapter entitled "World Power or Downfall," in General Friedrich Von Bernhardi's book, *Germany and the Next War*, first published in 1911, at a time when what was called "The Agadir Incident" nearly brought on war between Germany and England and France, I suggest is worthy of attention. It might have been written last night:

"England is clearly a hindrance in the way of Italy's justifiable efforts to win a prominent position in the Mediterranean. She possesses in Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt and Aden a chain of strong bases which secure the sea route to India, and she has an ungratified interest in commanding this great road through the Mediterranean. England's Mediterranean fleet is correspondingly strong and would—especially in combination with the French Mediterranean Squadron—seriously menace the coasts of Italy, should that country be entangled in a war against England and France. Italy therefore is obviously concerned in avoiding such a war as long as the balance of maritime power is unchanged. She is therefore in an extremely difficult double position; herself a member of the Triple Alliance, she is in a situation which compels her to make overtures to the opponents of that Alliance so long as her own allies can afford no trustworthy assistance to her policy of development. It is our interest to reconcile Italy and Turkey so far as we can."

The defection of France makes all this none the less true. If Italy wants an Italian lake, why not let us see something



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmond

Hunter's Moon IV., owned by Mr. Esmond, a French-bred horse, trained by F. Darling at Beckhampton, gave Gordon Richards his first winning Cesarewitch at Newmarket on October 30th. It was an exciting race, *Hunter's Moon IV.* coming from last to first to win by a neck from Sir Pomm, a 33-1 outsider, owned by Mr. P. Jackson, with *King Legend* third, two lengths behind.

of that "magnificent" fleet about which we have heard so much? Certain recent events will probably provide the British Navy with that opportunity for which it has been anxious for so long.

The Diligent Spy

THE Member for Leeds, and also our ever-watchful friend "Candidus," the sage of the *Daily Sketch*, are both exercised in their minds as to the efficiency of our Secret Service, one of whose activities is naturally concerned with counter-espionage, and they fear that the enemy is beating us both in method and in speed. There is some ground for uneasiness, as is very common property, but in every war in history it has happened that sometimes A catches B bending and B catches A. It never has gone all the one way all the time. In two glaring cases our Intelligence has been palpably too confiding, to put it no higher. In this fierce battle of wits no one can afford himself the luxury of taking anything for granted, and if he disregards the well-tested laws of evidence he is deliberately taking a short cut to disaster. War always has made deception a fine art, and the lie with circumstance is the pinnacle to which all good "agents" aspire. The law which governs evidence is really very simple, and can be condensed into something like this: A must not give us as fact what C told B. It is A's job to get the evidence first hand and even then only to believe half of what he sees. That which he is told does not count.

Our S.S. Indicted

ONE of the indictments against our S.S. is that it has not yet caught the German spy who can transmit a paragraph published in one of our leading daily illustrated papers with such celerity that it can be broadcast in *Deutschlandsender* the same evening. It is quite true that this has happened. I am wondering, however, whether it is true to say that our S.S. has



Sir Cyril and Lady Newall

Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Cyril Newall will shortly proceed to New Zealand to take up his appointment as Governor-General in succession to Colonel the Hon. Viscount Galway. With him are his wife, the only daughter of Mrs. Francis Storer Eaton, of Boston, U.S.A., and their two spaniels



Scarborough Home Guard

Captain Kitching, who led a parade of 700 members of the Scarborough section of the Home Guard, is seen with Lieut.-Col. Sir Ronald Adam (right), G.O.C. Northern Command, who, accompanied by members of his Staff, reviewed the unit and saw the march-past. Behind him are Brig.-Gen. P. J. Shears and Colonel J. Wilkinson, and at back, Captain Viscount Hardinge, A.D.C.

not caught one of these transmitters—for, of course, there are many more than one. If the story given to me is true, it beats any fiction.

Agents in Germany

IT may be that an error has been committed in the choice of some of our "agents" inside the enemy lines. The employment of a Jew might, at first sight, seem to be a first-class idea; but what can any Jew do in Germany? We know what is the address of the vast majority of this persecuted race unlucky enough to be still in Germany. On the other hand, the enemy can force any Jew, or any other person whom he holds is not of pure Nordic stock, who may have come to this country as a refugee, to do exactly as he is told. If the refugee disobeys, he knows, no one better, what will happen to any of his relatives who may still be in Germany. This is no hypothetical case. The power of the Gestapo is very real and its tentacles far-reaching.

A Hard Case

TAKE a case in point of my own personal knowledge: X, a British-born son of a German father and English mother, dare not say a word as to the whereabouts of his parents, who are very anti-Nazi; he dare not even mention the word "Germany." X changed his German name by deed-poll many years ago, was educated at an English public school and served in the British Army in the last war. If this is not a case of the long arm of the Gestapo, then I have never met one. The question, of course, which jumps to the mind is: What might not the Gestapo compel the hapless X to do, seeing that Germany has his parents completely at their mercy? It is a terrible predicament; for it is certain that the moment the German Intelligence think that X can be of any use to them they will make him do exactly as he is told. What protection can the country of his

adoption give him other than personal police protection? That would not save X's parents.

If they succeeded in turning poor X into a spy, and he was caught, he would not deserve to be shot, and it is quite improbable that we should do anything more than "impound" him for his own, and our, protection; but the case of other spies caught red-handed is very different. In time of war there is only one penalty, and the Member for Leeds will be quite justified if he asks why it is not being imposed in every case that has been proven so far. There ought to be no exceptions.

Air Raids and German Meal Times

SINCE most things in the life of the average German revolve round the times of his meals, it ought not to surprise

us that the Luftwaffe's visits adhere to a definite schedule based on German "eats." We get, for instance, the Frühstück raid, the Mittagessen raid, the Kaffee Klatsch raid, and the Nachtessen raid. This last being Gargantuan and quite often so greatly extended as to link up with the "Early Piece."

The afternoon tea has never really taken root in Germany, but they used to manage quite well with coffee and scandal. Whether they can work up much enthusiasm over ersatz coffee, and even if they could they would dare, with the shadow of the Gestapo hanging over them, is another matter. Even the most innocent remark may be twisted and lead the utterer straight to the concentration camp.



Officers of the South Staffordshire Regiment

Left to right, back row: 2nd Lieut. R. G. Wall, 2nd Lieut. S. Stoy, 2nd Lieut. R. W. Eades, Lieut. G. E. Starley, 2nd Lieut. S. Haworth, 2nd Lieut. G. F. Rowbottom, 2nd Lieut. E. C. Gray. Middle row: 2nd Lieut. K. G. M. Myer, 2nd Lieut. D. B. M. Curtis, 2nd Lieut. R. B. Faver-Crown, 2nd Lieut. Captain R. H. Ince, Captain (Rev.) P. F. Kingaby, Lieut. T. A. Turner, 2nd Lieut. A. H. Baber, Lieut. K. W. Powell, 2nd Lieut. R. E. Kiddle, 2nd Lieut. G. J. Cox; Sitting: Captain H. S. Thomas, Captain H. D. S. Bingham, Captain C. Clegg, M.C., Major G. B. Russell, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. H. S. Dean, M.C. (Commanding officer), 2nd Lieut. L. E. Grose (Adjutant), Major A. E. P. Bridge, Major T. T. H. Verschoyle, M.C., Captain J. O. Crispin, Captain P. M. J. A. Ardagh



Officers of a Naval Unit Somewhere in England

Left to right, back row: Surgeon-Lieut. W. M. Gillespie, R.N.V.R., Lieut. (E.) G. F. Pangelby, R.N., Rev. A. G. F. Shaw, Chaplain R.N.V.R., Lieut. F. E. Dave, R.N. Middle row: Paymaster Sub-Lieut. K. H. Stevens, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieut. G. W. S. Hope, R.N.V.R., Mr. J. E. Wyatt, boatswain R.N., Commissioned Engineer C. Hill, R.N., Shipwright Lieut. G. Peters, R.N., Surgeon-Lieut. (D.) A. H. Adcock, R.N.V.R. Front row, sitting: Lieut. (E.) H. R. Adams, R.N., Surgeon-Commander (D.) R. S. Ward, R.N., Commander D. H. Powell, R.N., Captain F. C. Bradley, R.N. (Officer Commanding Station), Surgeon-Commander S. W. Grimwade, O.B.E., R.N., Pay Commander M. E. Goodfellow, V.D., R.N.V.R., Lieut.-Commander L. H. W. Bellers, R.N.

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

War and Circuses

A PICTURE which appeared in some of the illustrated papers showing the evacuation of German children from Berlin impressed me enormously and has, I hope, also impressed our own local authorities. It showed a train, drawing out of a station. From each window children looked out and waved small swastika flags. On the platform, in fine uniforms, drawn up with military precision and playing for all it was worth, was a large brass band. Now, the flag-wagging we can do without. We do not want to encourage our children to develop into "crowd-men" or "stereotypes," as they have been called in a recent book. But we ought not to do without the brass band.

This was, of course, a propaganda picture, or it would not have left Germany. But it certainly did in some respects depict evacuation of children as it ought to be, but is not, done. Our method is too often the drab, prison-house method, with bedraggled children traipsing along behind dragon officials, all looking thoroughly wretched.

It is my contention that there is nothing inevitably miserable about the evacuation of children from a large town. On the contrary, the proceeding should be inspired by the holiday spirit. Have we no brass bands, or fine orchestras, which could line up on the platforms and give the children a rousing send-off? We have, but we just will not use them for the purposes of everyday life.

Exclusivity Unlimited

WE regard a symphony orchestra as something to be kept in immense hothouses like the Albert Hall or the Queen's Hall, and never allowed to see the ordinary light of day or feel the ordinary winds that blow. Yet in time of war a symphony orchestra ought to be looked on as an immense asset, to be worked hard in the cause. Everybody knows how a fine piece of music will lift the heart and spirit. Nobody, not the meanest nor the greatest, can resist the power of a full orchestra. It can do more for morale than all the documentation and written matter on earth. In a few seconds it can make man rise and soar above the troubles of the times.

Yet we do not use them, our bands and orchestras. Our children leave London in miserable, bedraggled bodies, looking, and probably feeling, like death. Part of the process of defeating the night-bombing aeroplane, as I have insisted many times, is the responsibility of those who organise passive resistance, who arrange that cities can stand up under bombardment. Their job is to provide shelters for those who must stay, and evacuation schemes for those who need not. In both cases the spirit of the people should be raised, not lowered.

Shelters should be made happy places—and a few instances here and there have shown that they can be. Children who are being evacuated should look on the move as a stirring adventure, not a miserable necessity forced upon them by the enemy.



American Observer

Major-General James E. Chaney, American air defence chief, headed the United States Army Commission which has been over here since the middle of October studying British air defences, and was due to leave for home this week. The mission has visited bomber, fighter and coastal commands, and has also had U.S. Air Corps officers attached to R.A.F. units as observers.



Anglo-Polish Air Conference

Count Zamoyski, the Polish Air Attaché, Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Sir Archibald Sinclair and Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal put their heads confidentially together during the British air chiefs' visit to Polish fighter and bomber squadrons. Sir Archibald Sinclair inspected the squadrons and found that the Polish airmen "excel in the ardent desire to fight the Germans." Air Chief Marshal Portal and Air Marshal Peirse are, respectively, the new Chiefs of Air Staff and the Bomber Command

Women Workers

WE must see to this at once. The spirit of Londoners has been magnificent; but no spirit will stand up under a process which incessantly emphasises the unpleasant side of bombardment and does nothing to create a strong, stirring diversion. Nothing delights me more than the way the women of London have responded to the bombardment. I know, of course, that the women in uniform are doing good work. But much more important work is being done by those women, still in mufti, who come into London and go about their tasks looking as smart as ever.

To see some young thing, stepping across the bomb debris in fantastically high-heeled shoes, is to have a new and brighter side of life suddenly overcoming the gloomy one. Some fool of a magistrate suggested the other day that lipstick in wartime was a sort of crime. Actually it is a positive aid to our cause; it plays a part which has some resemblance to that which I have suggested should be played by music and musicians. It reminds us of those lighter, better times we have had, and which will eventually be had again.

The lesson of that picture of the German evacuation scene from Berlin, then, is clear. It is that we must use our music-makers in war, and we must also see to it that we go about looking bright and cheerful. Women can do most in this; and they are doing a lot. Let us recognise the service they perform. And especially let us recognise the service of those who simply go on doing their little jobs and looking pleasant about it.

Confusion

I READ on the tape at a club the other day the greatest farrago of inaccuracies about American aircraft that I have seen. The aircraft we are getting from America, as I have mentioned in these columns, are earning the highest praise from our pilots. They are certainly without superior in any part of the world, and they equal in quality our own machines. But some writers seem to find it hard to differentiate between the duties of the different machines, so that one finds fighters spoken of as if their chief duty was bombing, and bombers as if their job was fighting.

It is as well to make it clear, to those who seem hazy on the subject, that the very large-size bombers which the Americans are now turning out do not play a parallel role to very large-size fighting ships. They are not suited to fighting against other aircraft. In the air, the small machine is, up to the present, the most powerful. It cannot hit ground targets; but it can hit other aeroplanes more effectively than the big machines.

I am not going to say that these conditions will always prevail. It is possible that the big aircraft, by mounting heavy guns and by carrying a good deal of armour, might eventually be able to cope with the small, high-speed fighter. At present I cannot see the likelihood, but it is a possibility.

To-day, the fighter fights other aircraft, and is small, fast and quick-climbing; the bomber bombs ground targets and tries to avoid fighting other aeroplanes. That is the essence of the thing; but it seems extraordinarily hard to get it over to some of those who set out to interpret aircraft to the public.

On Board a Transferred American Destroyer



A Question of Atmosphere: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

No, the sailors you see here are not American tars, but the British crew who man one of the recently transferred batch of fifty American destroyers. The Americans very kindly left the ships fully provisioned and equipped with all the usual stores. When the British crews went aboard, they were shown over their new charges by their American friends, and were instructed in the use of the various items. Now the result is apparent, for the British sailors have thoroughly fallen in with their environment. They can pull gum like experts (or almost), and they wear their naval caps at the accepted rakish angle. Pastmasters of the vernacular, they will enable Hollywood to make a film of the British Navy, where, for once, the accent will not jar

Racing in Ireland

The Grand National Qualifying Plate at Naas, Co. Kildare.

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



The Master of the Kilmoganny Harriers, a sporting Co. Kilkenny pack, and a well-known Irish owner, Mr. John McEnery, was racing at Naas with his wife, the former Miss Kathleen Macdermott, step-daughter of Sir John Lavery, the famous portrait-painter



Judge W. E. Wylie, President of the Royal Dublin Society, and for many seasons Master of the Ward Union Staghounds, and a fine judge of a horse, was snapped with Mrs. McDermott, whose brother, Mr. Pierce Synnott, was married to Sir Abe Bailey's daughter Ann last year



Colonel Denis Daly, of Russborough House, Co. Wicklow, on leave from his regiment, the 8th Hussars, and his wife were present at Naas to see his horse, Ring of Gold, run third in the Grand National Qualifying Plate of £300 presented by the Government of Ireland



Dan Levins-Moore and Mr. Reggie Walker were rider and trainer of Mr. H. McNally's Doitagain, top weight in the Grand National Qualifying Plate. Dan Levins-Moore is the brother of Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, joint-Master with Lord Fingall of the Ward Union Staghounds



An engagement has been announced between Mr. Ernest-Ormsby Knapp and Miss Enid Madill, both very well known in the Irish golfing world, who were amongst those who saw Mr. J. Mangan's Swindon Glory win the Grand National Qualifying Plate at Naas



Mr. Geoffrey Gilpin, who is very popular in racing circles, and a son of the late Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin, of Newmarket, was with Mrs. Dominick More O'Ferrall, whose son, Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall, is the successful trainer. Her two other sons, Rory and Frankie More O'Ferrall, are serving with the Irish Guards

Hunting in England and Ireland

Two Opening Meets

With the Ward Union Staghounds

Mr. C. Hall-Dare the huntsman, lays on the pack after the usual ten-minutes' grace at the opening meet of the Ward Union Staghounds. He is the son of the late R. W. Hall-Dare, who was Master of the Island Hounds in Co. Wexford from 1908 to 1911. Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, the joint-Master, can be seen in the background



Poole, Dublin

(Below) Opening Meet in England

Lady Elizabeth Motion, third sister of the Earl of Verulam, and for some years Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, is the wife of Major Thomas Augustus Motion, joint-Master with Colonel Part (on right) of the South Herts. Foxhounds. With Lady Elizabeth Motion and Colonel Part is Mr. C. L. Henderson



A Keen Rider to Hounds

Miss Sheila White was one of the many enthusiasts at the opening meet of the Ward Union Staghounds at the Ward Police Barracks



Followers of Foxhunting

Miss Finn Hansen, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, and Mrs. Peddie were at the opening meet of the South Herts near Harpenden. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, who is a member of the Council of the Overseas League, is also Master of the Aldenham Harriers, and a good judge of a Sealyham terrier



Opening Meet in Ireland

Mrs. Andrew Levins-Moore, a bride of this year, and her husband, joint-Master of the Ward Union with Lord Fingall, discuss the prospects for the coming season with Mr. W. Magee, the well-known Irish polo player (in car)

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

IT was a beastly day. The recruits were dumb; Private Smith was the dumbest of them all.

The sergeant strode up to him. "What was your job in civil life?" he barked.

"Bank clerk," replied Smith.

"I suppose," sneered the sergeant, trying to be funny, "you dusted the desks and washed out the inkwells, and made cups of tea for the manager?"

"Oh, no," replied Smith. "We kept an old sergeant for those jobs."

A MAN whose son was a prisoner of war in Germany received a letter which at first rather puzzled him.

He wrote in glowing terms of the kindness being shown to him. But the last sentence explained everything:

"Tell all my friends in the Army about the kindness that is being shown to me: tell it to my friends in the Air Force; but, above all, tell it to the Marines!"

HE was battered and bruised, and was appealing for a separation order.

"My life ain't safe, sir," he pleaded. "She's bin throwin' things at me ever since we got married."

"And only now, after twenty years, are you seeking the court's protection," said the magistrate sceptically.

"Well, sir, her aim's getting good!"

THE recruit had marched for miles and miles through the pouring rain. When he reached barracks he reported to the sergeant.

"Ere, Sarge," he said, "did you tell me this was a battle-dress I was wearing?"

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "Why?"

"Well," said the recruit, "just look at the darned thing now—it's shrunk to a blooming skirmish!"

THE pretty girl in the knife-throwing act on the fair-ground was ill, and her mother, rotund and blowsy, was taking her place. The noises off-stage grew to a thunderous roar as the knife-thrower took aim and threw the blade. Then all was still. "Blimey!" exclaimed an incredulous voice, "he's gone and missed her!"

THE village pub had had an incendiary bomb dropped upon it, and the local A.F.S. were playing their hoses on it with great skill. Presently one of the regulars appeared on the scene.

"Do you think you'll be able to save the old pub?" he asked one of the firemen.

"Yes, I think so," came the reply.

"Well," said the regular, "how about playing the hose on the slate behind the door?"

JACK had broken off with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, he received one threatening to report the matter to his superior officer.

Deciding to silence her for all time, he borrowed all the pictures of girls available on the ship and sent them in a bundle with a note attached:

"Pick yours out. I've forgotten what you look like."



"More dishes, Mary?"
"No, Mum—less"



"I shouted 'Halt!' and it came back
'Major Road Ahead'"

THE beggar carried a large label marked "Crippled," and the kind old lady was so touched that she dropped sixpence into his tin.

A few minutes later she was surprised, as well as annoyed, to see him hurrying down the street, walking quite normally.

When she indignantly challenged him about his claim to be crippled, he replied smoothly: "Madam, it is, alas! possible to be crippled in other senses than the physical one. I happen to be crippled in a purely financial sense."

"I RAN across old Jones yesterday," remarked the first motorist.

"Really?" replied the second. "How was he looking?"

"He wasn't—that's why I ran across him."

AN enemy bomb fell close to the cottage of an old woman who lived by herself. The bomb did not explode, and A.R.P. wardens went to tell her she must leave the cottage.

"Oh, aye," she said. "Will you tell me why?"

"Hitler's dropped a time-bomb outside your doorway," replied a wit among the wardens. "It may go off any minute and blow you up."

"Well, look you here," said the old woman. "I've refused to leave this house for t'landlord; I've refused to leave for t'bailiffs; and I'll be hanged if I'll leave it for Hitler."

DURING the last war, when the American troops were newly arrived in France, one of their officers thought he would offer a bonus of five dollars for every German captured. The effect was marvellous. Next day the sergeant led in a "string" of nearly a hundred prisoners.

"Magnificent!" said the officer, although somewhat ruefully, as he handed out the promised reward. "How did you do it?"

"Quite easily," said the sergeant. "The Jocks in the next sector had plenty to spare at a dollar a head."



Mr. D. Lloyd-Thomas and Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, sister of the late Duke of Grafton, were dancing at the Prisoners of War Fund dance held at Oxford



Sitting out together at the dance were Captain G. C. A. Jackson, Miss Helen Scott, Miss Lavinia Ponsonby, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Ponsonby, of Woodley, Woodstock, and Mr. P. H. Shaw Stewart



Also enjoying the dance were Sir John Phillips, who succeeded his father in 1938, and was at Eton and Cambridge, and Miss Diana Brand



Miss Hope Sykes, Lieut. G. P. Eliot, Captain C. L. C. Ward, Miss Daphne Bosanquet, Captain J. L. Naimaster, Miss Marian Kielberg, and Lieut. W. H. ("Jumbo") Downs formed a cheerful group between dances

Oxford Supports a Good Cause

A Dance at the Randolph Hotel
in Aid of British Prisoners of War

The ever-popular Randolph Hotel at Oxford was chosen as the spot at which to stage the tremendously successful dance in aid of the British Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. It was organised by Mrs. J. Morrell, ably supported by a strong committee and a long list of patronesses, including Lady Elton, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Ponsonby, wife of the M.P. for Sevenoaks, and sister of Lord Aldenham and Hunsdon, and Mrs. George Gordon, wife of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University and President of Magdalen College. The Gordons' daughter Janet will shortly be married to 2nd-Lieut. Hugh Hunt, Queen Victoria's Rifles, K.R.R.C.



Captain G. Baker, whose regiment is quartered somewhere in the neighbourhood, is with Miss Margie Morrell and her mother, Mrs. J. Morrell, of Gateways, Headington, who organised the dance. Oxford, free from air raids so far, has a large influx of visitors



The R.A.F. were also represented at this successful dance, and the picture shows Wing Commander R. W. M. Clark, D.F.C., and Mrs. Clark, Squadron Leader and Mrs. D. E. Cattell, Flight Lieut. and Mrs. Seymour Prince, and Mrs. Debenham

Getting Married: The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Jucker — Dore

Second-Lieut. Adrian Fontana Jucker, son of the late Commandatore E. F. Jucker, and Mrs. Jucker, of Hindhead, Surrey, and June Dore, daughter of Wing Commander and Mrs. Alan S. Dore, of Eastcote Point, Pinner, Middlesex, were married at Pinner Parish Church. The bride's father was until recently Air Attaché in Oslo



Lambe — Mylius

Captain Charles E. Lambe, C.V.O., R.N., Extra Equerry to the King, and Mrs. Lesbia Mylius, of St. Fort, Fife, daughter of the late Sir Walter Corbet, Bt., were married at Caxton Hall register office. He is the son of the late Henry Edward Lambe, and Lady Lambe, of Grove House, Semley, Wilts.



Vincent — Starkey-Smith

Second-Lieut. Claud Vincent and Betty Starkey-Smith were married at St. John's, Boscombe. He is the only son of the late E. H. Vincent, and Mrs. Vincent, of Green Shutters, Cobham, Surrey. She is the daughter of the late T. G. Starkey-Smith, and Mrs. Starkey-Smith, of Ann's Cottage, Cobham



Lagimodiere — Adamson

Captain Lorne Lagimodiere, 2nd Field Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery, son of Rodrigue Lagimodiere, of Montreal, and Joan Vivienne Adamson, daughter of the late Victor Mervyn Adamson, and Mrs. Aubrey Raphael, of Corner Cottage, Brook, Surrey, were married at Willey Parish Church



Elliott — Elkington

Dr. Frank Abercrombie Elliott, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Elliott, of Wynberg, South Africa, and Betty Elkington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Elkington, of Langside, Maidenhead, Berks., were married at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.



Akerman — Fullis

Lieut.-Com. Anthony Charles Akerman, D.S.O., R.N., son of the late Major and Mrs. Akerman, of Crossways, Lymington, Hants., and Hilda Penelope Georgetta Fullis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fullis, of Stratherry, Leslie, Fife, were married at Christ Kirk on the Green, Leslie



Thornley — Hobson

Colin H. Thornley, eldest son of the late Dr. J. H. Thornley, and Mrs. Thornley, of Ravensdene, Esplanade Road, Scarborough, and Betty Hobson, daughter of H. O. Hobson, late of Le Touquet, and Mrs. Hobson, of 9, Baron's Keep, London, were married at Christ Church, Great Malvern



Posford — Knight

John Posford, son of the late Captain B. A. Posford, and Mrs. Posford, of the Lodge, Falkenham, Ipswich, and Nell Margaret Knight, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. Knight, of Eton Court, N.W.3, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Hyland — Shawcross

Deryck Gordon Hyland, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hyland, of 15, Heath Drive, N.W.3, and Clare Shawcross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Shawcross, of Duddleswell, Uckfield, Sussex, were married at Woolton Mount, Bournemouth



Venning — Manners

Lieut. Walter Venning, Probyn's Horse, and Alcie (Bunt) Manners were married recently at Srinagar, Kashmir. He is the son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Walter and Lady Venning, of 15, St. Mary Abbots Place, W.8. His father has been Quartermaster-General to the Forces since 1939. She is the daughter of Brig. and Mrs. C. M. S. Manners, of Ferozepore, India.



Eileen Wilkinson

Bassano

Eileen Wilkinson is the only daughter of Sir George Wilkinson, new Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Wilkinson, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1, and Brook, Surrey. She is engaged to John MacNaughton Sidey, Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidey, of Collingwood House, Exeter.



Blackadder — Kayll

Flt.-Lt. W. F. Blackadder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackadder, of Edinburgh, and Patricia Kayll, daughter of the late Lt. H. Oswald Kayll, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. M. T. Pumphrey, of South Hill, The Cedars, Sunderland, were married at Christ Church, Sunderland. Flt.-Lt. Blackadder is a former Scottish Rugger International.



Joy Babette Mullins

Vandyk

Joy Babette Mullins is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. John Allan Buckley Roderick, Welsh Guards, only son of Major and Mrs. W. B. N. Roderick, of 46, Campden Hill Court, W.8. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mullins, of 156, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, S.W.3.



Elisabeth Katherine Stephens

Catherine Bell

Betty Stephens is engaged to Major James Gordon Cock, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cock, of Green Hedges, Ditton Hill, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of the late F. W. Stephens, and Mrs. H. K. Stephens, of 1, Highbury Road, Wimbledon.



Margaret Arnold

Bertram Park

Margaret Arnold is the daughter of Major and Mrs. B. M. Arnold, of Cannonwalls Farm, Woodbury Sallerton, Devon. She is to be married shortly in India to J. D. Fraser, I.C.S., of Circuit House, Amritsar, son of Colonel A. H. Fraser, of 44, Pennington Road, Southborough, Kent.



Edvina Mary Moss

Elliott and Fry

Edvina (Binky) Moss is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Moss, of Middleton, Midlothian, and Lady Moss, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1. She is to be married on November 27th to Lieut. (A.) Philip Francis King, Fleet Air Arm. Miss Moss is an ambulance driver with the F.A.N.Y.



The Rev. Robert Leader and Betty Brownson

Engaged last month was the Rev. Robert Leader, Chaplain to the Forces, son of the late Robert Leader, and Mrs. Leader, of Sandgate House, Sheffield, to Betty Brownson, daughter of the late Robert D. Brownson, and the Hon. Mrs. Brownson, of the Little House, Bracknell, Berks., and a niece of Lord Dynevor.



Anne Pamela Mallett

Lenarc

Anne Mallett is engaged to Pilot-Officer Michael Negus, R.A.F., only son of Lieut.-Colonel Negus, of Kings Farm, Little Easton, Essex, and the late Mrs. Negus. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Mallett, of Rowan, Village Way, Dulwich.

Women's Golf

Gossip Shop: By Eleanor E. Helme

CAN you beat it? A golfer who was getting past her prime at the game when I emerged in the golfing world is now to be found, not merely doing work on her own land five days a week, but on the remaining two travelling to a factory some fifty miles away to make munitions. Thereby she releases some all-the-week worker for a bit of rest, and consequently faster production the other days. If that is not speeding the plough and the lathe, find me something that is. And then, on top of that, this first of sportswomen puts in a round of golf once in three weeks, just so that she shan't forget which is the business end of a club.

Of course, the story would be even better if I knew, or could tell, exactly how many seasons had gone over that gallant head. I don't, and so can't, but I do know that one of my vivid early recollections of golfing bliss was to be given a game, and much sound advice, by someone so distinguished, so much to be venerated, at a date which I regret to say was not yesterday. May I be as fit and game as many years hence—and with no munitions to make.

LOOKING back on it, county golf was a real preoccupation in those days, filling a place in the calendar to which its modern counterpart seems to have little resemblance.

Perhaps it was partly because of transport. You went by train, the whole team in one carriage, which made for friendliness. Nobody rushed away before tea or arrived

after lunch in an attempt to cram in some other engagement in some other direction. To be driven to the match in a car was in itself an excitement; more often one set out on a push-bike, carrying one's clubs, with a change of clothes on the carrier. The sportswoman aforementioned sometimes drove me to a county match in a dogcart, behind a slow-jogging cob! When we got back of an evening, the cob had another job of work to do for us, for my pal was a farmer even in those busy days, and it was we who did it with him.

If we lived slow, we lived hard, and perhaps that is why this sportswoman can still farm for five days and make munitions for two.

LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY is another real worker nowadays, twelve hours daily in her husband's factory, and nobody will imagine for one instant that she allows herself any privileges or works one whit less hard than the humblest hand there on account of being wife of the boss. Probably harder.

After all, it is easier these days to be busy, and there is no golfer who will not feel extremely sympathetic for poor Anne Heywood, who would have been one of the most likely forecasts for Girl Champion, 1939. Now, after starting the war working on the land, she has had a bad operation, and the land and golf are only things to be dreamt of. May she soon get back to both. Meanwhile, she has volunteered to lend a hand with some of the circularising for the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund, so that for somebody, if not for her, it is an ill wind that has blown somebody good.

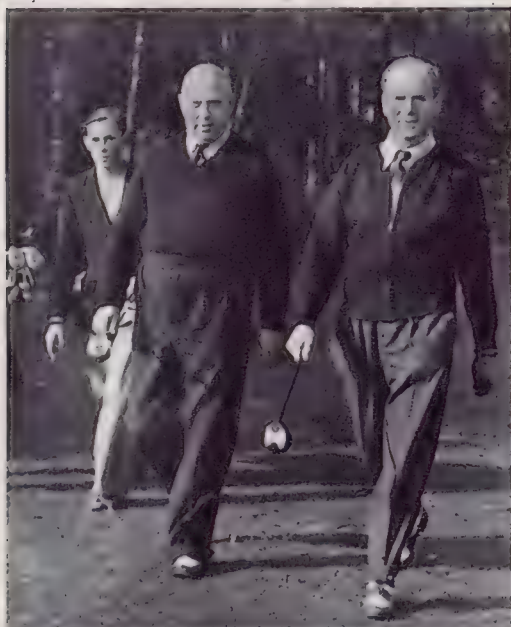
There is very soon going to be a call for more volunteers.

ANOTHER young golfer who is something of a companion picture to Miss Heywood in the matter of hitting the ball an extremely long way is Miss Joan Negretti. If she meets any bomb-bore she has the capping story, absolutely first-hand—a bomb that landed, plump in the middle of dinner-time, in the middle of a house which has its dining-room at one end and its kitchens at the other. It is understood that serving of dinner may have been a trifle interrupted, though there was no reason for anything reaching the table cold, but that there were no casualties.

PROBABLY Miss Pam Barton could cap most stories, for her work as ambulance driver has not fallen in safe places. But she will make light of that, and prefer to tell you that the joint efforts of herself and Alfred Padgham, special constable, in exhibition games on her days off, have raised £1000 for the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund. It's not only the elder generation of golfers who are gallant.

Bystander Monthly Spoons

INSUFFICIENT cards have been received during October for the award of spoons in either division. With only November and December to go before the yearly cup is awarded, the result is more open than ever before. Everybody so far has won one spoon, nobody two. Somebody must go to it. The point is that the more people do that, the more spoons will be given, so that even those who have won, or may win, no spoons themselves, at least carry out an altruistic mission to their fellows. After all, if you win a BYSTANDER Spoon anyway, the card can go with sixpence to *Fairway and Hazard* for their Empire Surprise Competition, in which all sorts of exciting conditions prevail, with the certainty of helping that good cause, the Duchess of Northumberland's Fund for comforts for the A.T.S. Altogether, cards are well worth taking out just now, time, weather and war permitting.



Two winners: W. W. Spendlove (left), winner of Best Round of the Day, Scratch, and Major R. S. Rogers, winner of the 36-holes scratch and handicap

Parkstone Meeting

The Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, Runs Another Enterprising Competition

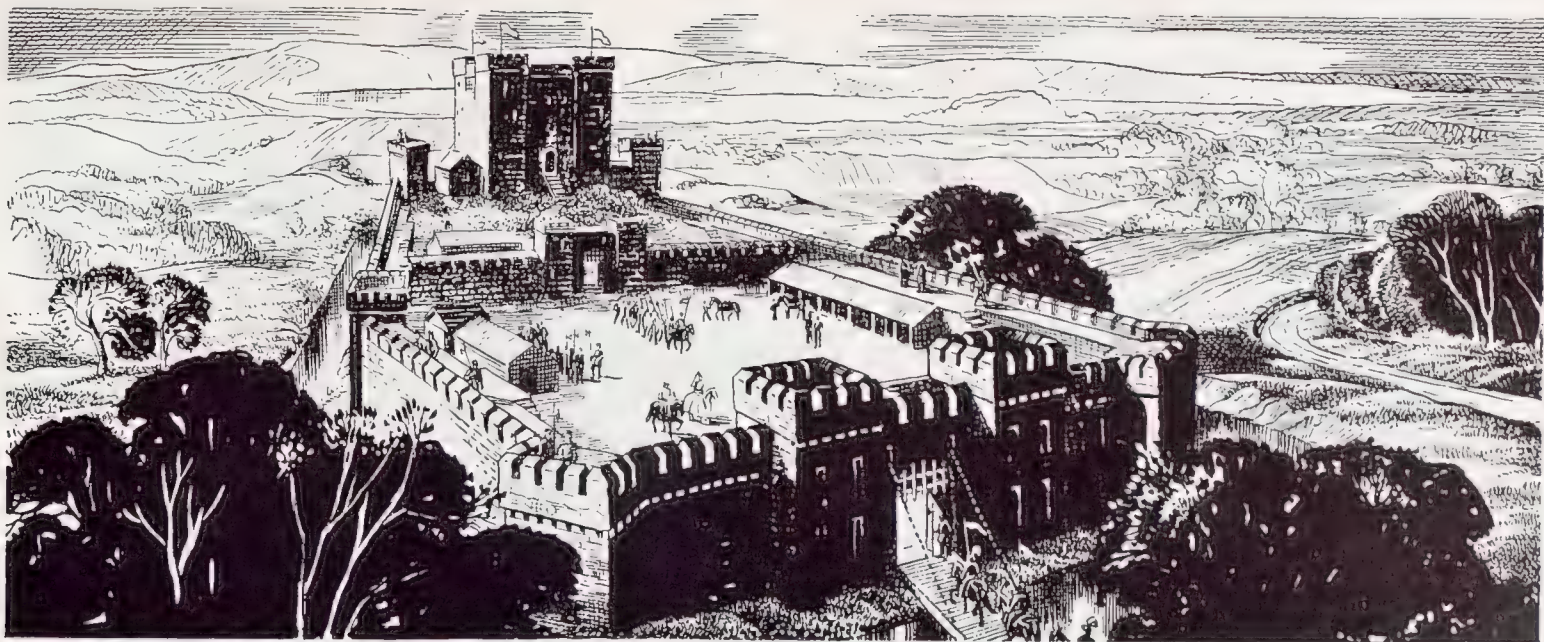


Navy and Police: Captain Casey, R.N. (left), and Major Yeats, Chief Constable of Dorset. The meeting was very well supported



Difficult feat: Colonel Wallis presenting S. D. Barbour, runner-up in the 36-holes scratch competition, with his prize. Organiser C. C. Roberts on the left

Probably the only amateur golf competition in the country was held at Parkstone on October 27th, the competitors staying at the Branksome Tower Hotel. Major R. S. Rogers, in winning the 36-holes scratch, with a score of 140, set up a new amateur record for the course



A Realm within a Kingdom

The Organization known as the Nuffield Group of Companies, controlled by Viscount Nuffield, which in times of peace produced a very large proportion of this country's motor traction, transformed itself, as the clouds of war grew darker, into an armed camp behind whose defences intensive war production, gathering in momentum, has now reached a phenomenal measure of output.

A big industrial undertaking of this character, peopled by thousands upon thousands of workers, its ramifications spreading wide throughout the Empire and beyond, is, in effect, a state in miniature. Its responsibilities go deeper than the immediate production of armaments. It has a clear view of the "broader lands and better days" which lie ahead, and it is already planning to gather the rich crop of war-time technical

knowledge and experience for the benefit of an emancipated Europe.

Its liberal-minded administration, which in peacetime pioneered Holidays - with - Pay, Profit-sharing Schemes and many welfare amenities, has under the spur of war cemented into a patriotic bloc a vast army of collaborators which, in the days to come, will form a stabilising force of immeasurable influence.

Every man and woman in this Organization has clearly in mind the passionate desire of all British people—to fight for, preserve and hand on that inheritance of skilled craftsmanship and freedom of thought and action which has made this country great and to maintain its mission of political and social leadership for the benefit of all nations.

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(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

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Longleys

"The Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

"Bravery"

By Robert Westerby

Illustration by Chester

THE two horses pulled the reaper steadily along the side of the field; the flailing arms of the machine flicking into the barley, the sheaves jerking from the binder among the white stubble. No other sounds came to the old man driving the horses, and no other thought was in his head.

The plane came out of the clouds like a hawk, circling high, as the old man eased his team into the corner by the hedge. The two turns coincided; the bank of the plane, the swing of the reaper's blades as they cut into the stalk once more. The plane was diving viciously, but the old man could not hear it and did not glance up. The first thing he did hear was the rough chatter of the guns, and a bullet, whining off a flint in the stubble, shrieked away at a tangent.

The man on the reaper looked up, his old mind working thickly towards understanding his danger as the plane roared down at him. He could see the flickering of the gunports; a momentary glimpse of the helmeted figure in the cockpit. He glanced quickly over his shoulder looking for cover. He should see his jacket, his stone beer jug and his shotgun lying in the hedge a dozen yards away. The plane had turned and was diving in again; yet, even now, the old man's actions were slow and deliberate. He heaved at his horses, halting the arms of the reaper in mid-swipe. The danger was outside his understanding because of the familiarity of the scene. He had farmed the valley for fifty years. He knew every slope and stone, every twig in the tongue of woods licking over the edge of the hill. He had worked all his life in the valley, until he was part of it. This plane, from the war raging so near in distance, yet so far, so remote in fact, was something he could not understand. This gunning of him as though he were a soldier, as though his reaper were one of those tanks; he couldn't understand that, and the danger was hidden behind the bewilderment.

The plane roared down at him with guns chattering again. And as it came close the old man stumbled forward towards his horses. They were snorting, trembling in terror until they felt his hands on them. The guns raked across the stubble, spattering a line of dirt and stones like an invisible, running man. The ground trembled with the vibration of the motor and the wind swept the old man from his feet. He fell sideways, helplessly, his eyes narrowed against the dust, and peered after the plane as it turned once more. He saw the dark sheen of blood staining the polished flank of one of the horses; the whiteness of broken bone. He watched the wounded beast stumble and fall, screaming and twisting in the traces while the other horse reared terrified, struggling to free himself. The old man stumbled to his feet and ran towards them, shouting hoarsely. He held the head of the uninjured horse, worked fiercely with the

tangled harness and pulled him clear. There was nothing he could do for the other save watch the blood pumping from the wounds in his side. He heard the plane coming back, and once more its guns scratched the line of dirt across the earth, clanged sharply over the reaper, and away. The horse jerked forward, trembled violently, and fell limply to one side.

THE old man stayed where he was, shouting and blinking the dust from his eyes. As he looked up he saw a second plane appear,



The plane was diving viciously, but the old man could not hear it

diving almost vertically towards the valley. He reached out instinctively and grabbed the uninjured horse by the bridle, running him towards the hedge. The animal was terrified and trembling, and stood close to him, sniffing uneasily at the air and the smell of blood.

As the second plane dived the first climbed sharply to avoid it. The old man could see the black crosses on its wings and the silly emblem on its tail. It was climbing fast, snaking a little as the guns of the diving plane raked past it. The two of them climbed like rockets and spun dizzily in the sky, puffs of smoke trailing from their exhausts as they banked. The gunfire was muffled at that height, more wooden. It rattled for almost a minute before it ceased. The smoke from the first plane grew darker, streaming across the sky. Its wings crumpled slowly as it twisted over and dived. The parachute appeared in the sky as though by magic. One moment there was the smoking black line of the plane dropping to earth, and the next, high above it, was the white mushroom of the 'chute; the man hanging below it swinging wildly from side to side.

The old man shaded his eyes and watched the parachute descend. The second plane was circling the valley, marking the landing of the wreckage and the probable landing of the pilot. But the old man had no eyes for that and did not look away even when it dived and then roared across country to report. He

was watching the parachute, calculating the direction it would take. He tethered the horse to the hedge, tucked his shotgun under his arm, and walked towards the edge of the woods, glancing upward every few seconds.

THE pilot stared down at the tree tops which swung beneath him. The pendulum motion of his descent had made him feel sick and hollow and the trees seemed to reach up and tear at him as he was carried past. At the edge of the wood was a man with a gun, staring up at him.

The trees blanketed the wind suddenly and, like a diver, the pilot swung out and fell headlong into a tangle of bushes. He expected the man with the gun to run towards him as he struggled from his harness.

The old man was holding the gun lightly against his waist. His legs were braced apart and his eye hard as he stared at the pilot facing him. The pilot was young, a thickset boy with a pale, bitter face. He came forward with his hands raised above his head. "Surrender," he called in English. "Surrender. We wait for soldiers. German officer."

The old man said nothing. He lifted his gun and pointed it at the pilot's chest. The German boy was looking past him, at the half-cut field of barley, the reaping machine, the dead horse. "German officer," he said again angrily. "You understand," he said. "I have had the misfortune to be shot down. Surrender now." He dropped his hands and looked bitterly at the old man. "Englander," he said softly. He had been told what these people were like. He took a step nearer, but the old man at once lifted the gun to point at his chest again.

"Don't shoot," the pilot said quickly. "I surrender. You cannot shoot. I am unarm."

The old man's face twitched. His rage was hard and rough inside him, struggling with his bewilderment. He could not understand this kind

of war; war against old men and horses; of these murderers who came down and said: "I surrender," and were taken away and treated like real soldiers.

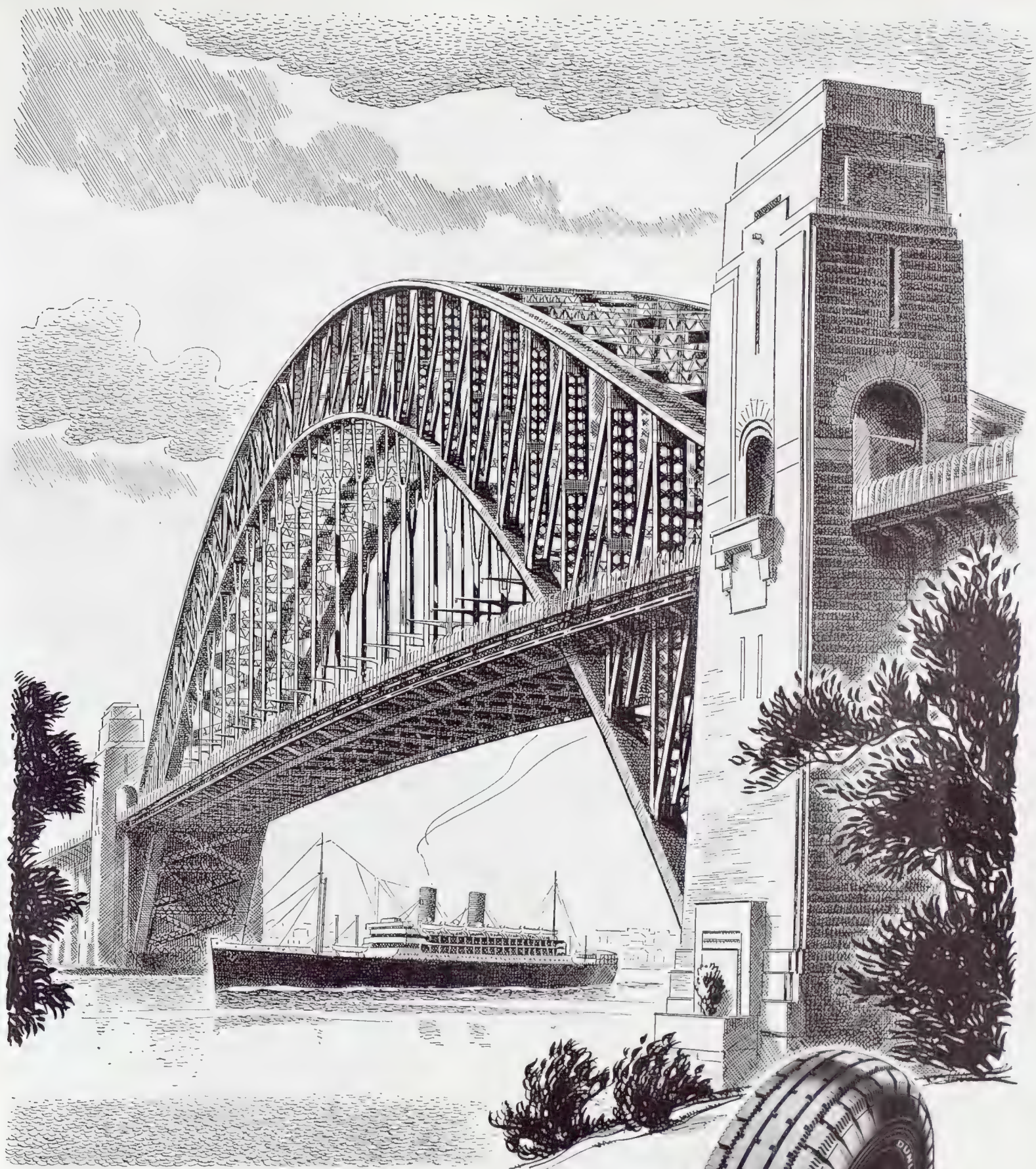
"You were on the farm machine?" the German pilot said. He was trying to gain time. He could hear the military cars stopping on the other side of the wood. "But I shoot that because it is orders. Everybody. It is war. It is not me, it is war. It is us, or you. You understand that? Everybody."

The old man nodded stiffly. Everybody. He understood. He kept his eyes on the pale, bitter face in front of him, raised the gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger.

WHEN the soldiers came running from the wood the old man was turning over the body with his foot. He had torn something from the tunic and was holding it in his hand.

The sergeant shook him roughly. "What have you done, man?" he shouted. "What have you got there?"

The old man held out his hand. "This?" he said. There was an Iron Cross lying on his cracked, work-blackened palm. "Doan't they gi'm this fer bravery?" He looked past the dead pilot and along the valley where the barley leaned gently before the wind. Then he ground the medal into the stubble with the heel of his boot. "Bravery!" he said again, and spat.



Engineers of all nations pay the tribute of respectful admiration to Sydney Harbour Bridge, eight years in the building. Fifty years of ceaseless progress lie between the pneumatic tyre invented by John Boyd Dunlop, and that other peerless British achievement — the DUNLOP tyre of to-day.

DUNLOP TYRES



The Way of the War

(Continued from page 221)

wares and was at one time the frequent and honoured guest of at least one British newspaper proprietor.

In Paris, his new duties will keep him in constant touch with an old German friend, Herr Otto Abetz, who was flung out of Paris for Fifth Column activities on the eve of war, despite the intercession of Mme. Bonnet. Abetz has returned to ensure that the French press conducts Goebbels' propaganda along lines already well understood by M. de Brinon. He is an energetic man and an intimate friend of Ribbentrop.

If Laval can succeed in his aim of selling France to Germany—because, he says, he is convinced that Germany will be the dominant Power on the Continent for many years to come—it will be thanks largely to the untiring efforts of de Brinon and Abetz.

Goering's Waning Prestige

GOERING has recently been explaining to an American interviewer that he is entirely satisfied with the course of the Anglo-German air war. It is noticeable, however, that little has been seen or heard of him since he announced with the full blast of the Nazi propaganda machine that he had taken up his headquarters on the shores of the Channel so that he might personally direct operations against Britain.

Not so long ago Goering was the most popular man in Germany after Hitler. It even seemed at one time that he might threaten to challenge the Leader's position. In any case he was formally designated as Hitler's successor on the eve of Germany going to war last year. Information drifting through from enemy countries

suggests that Hermann's popularity has greatly waned since those days.

All Germany knew that Goering was the man who, more than any other, had forged the war machine which was to sweep the whole world into Teuton vassalage. Above all, it was on his word that the German people relied when they conceived that no enemy in the air could ever strike its blows into their factories and homes. Now they can judge for themselves how sadly they have been misled. And Hitler has seen to it that the responsibility for this disaster has been fairly and squarely placed on Goering's broad shoulders.

Those Armoured Cars

NOBODY would have thought much about Lord Beaverbrook's armoured car had not the European manager of an American magazine—to wit, *Collier's*—"shot his mouth off" about the punishment London was taking from the Luftwaffe. Mr. William Hillman, the distinguished correspondent in question, flew back to the United States with Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy and, on arrival, gave a few graphic details by way of illustrating the horrors of the war out of which America ought to stay.

Mr. Hillman painted a picture of a devastated Whitehall, a Prime Minister, who climbed into a mauve, zipper-controlled shelter suit at 7 p.m. each evening—why he should do so was not explained—and a Cabinet whose members one and all proceeded, when proceed they must, from one point to another in armoured cars.

One can only conclude that Mr. Hillman, former chief representative of the International News Service in London and, as such, an intimate of Lord Beaverbrook, whose newspapers take the I.N.S. dispatches, had inspected Lord Beaverbrook's armoured car and has jumped to the conclusion that it was a standard issue to members of the Government.

R.A.F. 11070

M.A.P.—to wit, the Ministry of Aircraft Production—is situated at a point where all and sundry are wont to congregate when waiting to catch the last bus home. Many of these humble folk have been intrigued by the sporty little armoured vehicle, built by Humber Motors, bearing the cryptic registration number R.A.F. 11070, which can always be seen parked in Smith Square, but at stated hours is to be found standing outside the Embankment entrance of M.A.P.

Personally, I can see no reason why a man obliged to move around London and the Home Counties during the Blitz hours should not travel in an armoured car if he is in a position to earmark one to that end. Report has it that Lord Beaverbrook got the idea from the Prime Minister, who had been supplied with such a one and, finding little use for it, lent it to the M.A.P. However that may be, R.A.F. 11070 is now one of Lord Beaverbrook's most treasured perquisites and, according to my understanding, he is anxious to purchase it outright from the Government.

As a mere humble journalist I was allowed to buy from the War Office the gas mask and "battle bowler" issued to me for a special trip to a certain front of operations not long ago. The price was reasonable. But it would be interesting to know, in these days of steel shortage, what is considered a reasonable price for all the precious steel plate which must be incorporated in an armoured car large enough to accommodate a member of the War Cabinet and his chauffeur.

CORRECTION.—Owing to a slip of the pen, Major R. W. Kingham, M.C., was described as "Commissioner for the Metropolitan Police" in a caption on page 138 of THE TATLER of Oct. 30. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, of course, holds this appointment. Major Kingham is Commissioner for London of the National Savings Committee. We apologise profusely to both Commissioners.

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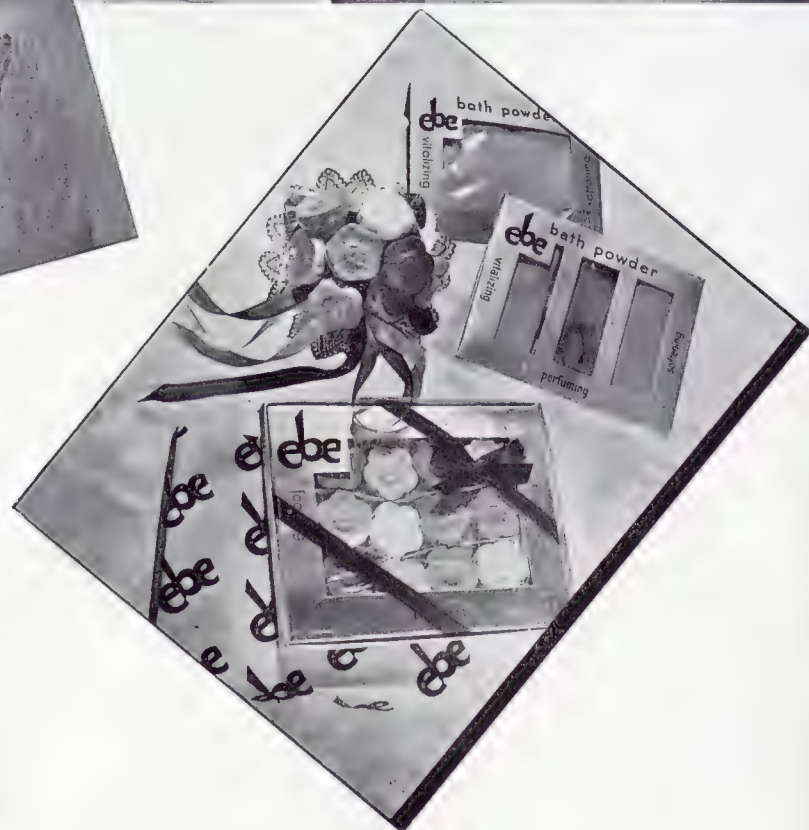


the Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Wartime winners are the frocks which bear the name of Wolsey; they are practical, well cut, and have a decidedly slimming effect. Two are portrayed on this page. The one on the right is of wool jersey crêpe; the skirt is pleated and the corsage decorated with pin tucking. It is reinforced with a sliding fastener at the back and is available in all the accepted fashionable colours. The seated figure is wearing a wool and angora matt cloth frock; the pointed basque is embroidered in gay colours, and so is the long-sleeved bolero. American fittings are a feature of many of the Wolsey specialities, and of course too much cannot be said in favour of their shirt makers. They are sold practically everywhere. Nowadays a hot bath is a luxury, the pleasure of which is greatly increased when Ebe preparations are used. A little of the powder makes the water soft, foamy and subtly tinted. It cleanses the pores, refreshes the body and soothes the mind. Sometimes it takes the form of flowers, and when the blossoms touch the water the petals float away to nothingness. What a practical and welcome gift is a packet of Ebe powder, a spray of flowers, or a box of the latter

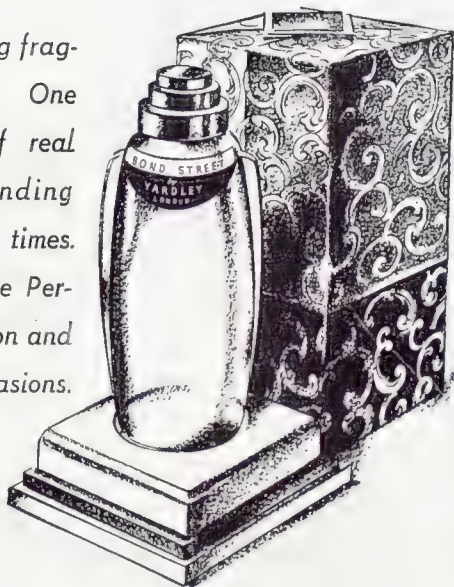




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Social Round-about

(Continued from page 229)

Mrs. Knox-Lee, wife of the well-known Christian Science healer, runs a similar organisation. The contributions, all of newly made clothes and gifts of every description, come from Christian Scientists all over the world, and are distributed among the troops, and the distressed and homeless everywhere.

Twenty crates of new blankets have just arrived from the United States. Mrs. Knox-Lee was a ballet dancer, and, under the name of Peggy Beaty, starred in many successful shows, including the long run of Winter Garden successes, *Tiptoes*, *Kid Boots*, *Lady Luck*, etc., and Cochran's 1930 revue.

Damage

MISS RUTH ANDERSON's pretty little late Georgian South Kensington house, which was once the home of D. H. Lawrence, has been damaged by a near bomb. She has some lovely furniture, but luckily nothing very serious has happened to that, and now the best pieces have been sent, with those of Mr. Labouchere, Lady de Ramsay's father, to Lord de Ramsay's house at Abbots Ripton. Miss Anderson has herself been staying at Abbots Ripton.

Lord de Ramsay's mother, now Mrs. St. John Barnet, has a very attractive little house right on the sea in Galway, which is a bit stormy in the winter, but that sort of thing is less of a disadvantage than it used to be.

The People

ONE can have some people, nice people, awful people, and so on, but The People are of the most importance when it comes to a push, and they are certainly doing fine now. The East End has laughed off the sirens as Moaning

Minnies, and Lord Haw-Haw as Lord Hee-Haw, and Hitler is no more than much else they have to contend with in their toilsome lives.

I had a letter from a charwoman who used to work for me, and she says: "Well, madam, I've had one or two narrow escapes since I saw you last and must think myself lucky so far, and again only last night I had a very close shave when a bomb dropped just here in flood street and we are now just waiting for a time bomb to



Foursome at Cheltenham

Lady Cathleen Eliot, Mrs. Constance Stanley, Miss June Capel and Major J. A. Warre, four of the crowd of visitors at the one day National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham last Wednesday

go off around Reddals at any minute now, aren't we living in jolly times now madam, what do you think. Well madam will bring this to a close now as I've lots to do and little time to do it."

Clearing Up

THE effect of just a little damage to a house is to make it look very debauched and old before its time. The clink of broken glass underfoot, great chunks of plaster reclining, raw-edged, on the sofas, a shaky greyness of faintly smelling dust are like a futurist conception of after a wild party, or the end of a rake's life, or something of the sort.

As a stage set, very little extra in the way of dialogue and situation would be required to produce the thoroughly gruesome atmosphere for which there used to be a vogue—one which is likely to be in abeyance for a time, I should imagine. I read that the taste in books is veering rapidly towards the sweet and romantic, such epics as *The Dead Stay Dumb* being jostled for their place in the lead.

Bridget Chetwynd

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF
COUPON NOVEMBERName { Mrs.
Mr.

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IF YOU'RE WEARING last year's suit, or if you feel tired after long hours on duty, or if your nerves are all shot to pieces, try a little of this feminine tonic! Take a bottle of Peggy Sage nail varnish. Apply polish to the nails from half-moon to tip. Draw a fine white hairline round the rim. Look at your hands, and see if you don't feel a return of gaiety, a little



flame of courage and excitement kindled within you. WHIMSY, a lovely subdued rose, is essentially soothing and discreet. FEZ is dark and stimulating. REGENCY is frankly sentimental. MANTILLA leads the mauve-toned group and adds a touch of dash to last year's dress.

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Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Letter from America

(Continued from page 224)

Pro-British

TO recount half the charitable activities on behalf of England would take volumes. For instance, Hunter College has presented a mobile first-aid unit consisting of a van carrying an operating table and surgical supplies, plus a fast motor in which a mechanic transports two doctors and four nurses.

The Alumnae (Old Boys) of Hunter College contributed generously, and their cheque was handed to Lieutenant Peter Muir, who has received the Croix de Guerre from the French Government for his care of the wounded as head of Section I of the American Field Service in France, from the time of the Belgian King's stab in the side until after the Italian stab in the back.

The American Ambulance Corps has a drive on to collect and ship one thousand more units to England, for the Red Cross. Mr. William Ruxton is the king worker in this concern.

Dinner Gala

THEN there was a dinner gala to mark the winter reopening of the famous Sert Room at the Waldorf (still decorated with those wonderful murals by the Spanish artist whose wife was one of the "marrying Mdivanis") in aid of the Travellers' Aid Society which cares for refugees of all descriptions. Its workers speak fifteen languages between them, and can call on outside helpers for several more.

The Orson Munns were among Americans known in Europe who had a dinner party for this. Refugees included Sir George and Lady Bettsworth-Piggott; Mrs. George Repton (the former Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, who is working splendidly for us); Sir William and Lady Garthwaite (his eldest son "Bill," is with the R.A.F.), and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Harper, Junior, of the Paris-American colony.



English Stars in New York

This snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton (Elsa Lanchester) was taken when they were in New York to see the world première of the Chaplin film "The Great Dictator." Charles Laughton's home in London was an early air raid victim but was damaged not by a bomb but a crashed German plane. He is to be one of the stars in "The Rastafers Ring," the six-million-dollar British propaganda film being made in Hollywood in aid of war and U.S.A. charities.

Red Cross Luncheon

THE chic Junior League began its programme of good works for the season by holding a Red Cross luncheon at club headquarters. Mrs. Dwight Davis spoke beautifully. Small and very feminine, she dresses well and might be mistaken for the clinging-vine type until one hears her speak, or comes into contact with her organising ability.

She, more than any woman in the United States, was responsible for the repeal of Prohibition, with all its adherent evils. Now she is speaking up and down the country for the Red Cross, giving astonishing and comforting facts and figures of the materials sent to England.

The Red Cross no longer sends to any other country, by the way. This announcement received a remarkable response; numbers of women had laid down their needles and refused to work for any organisation except Bundles for Britain—"in case the Germans get it." Now they can resume Red Cross activities without misgivings.

New Musical

ON the light side, the saloons and what-nots are crowded out. Adolphe Menjou took Veree Teasdale to Jack White's Saloon, where Jack Dempsey and William Saroyan, that unpredictable, egotistical and undoubtedly brilliant playwright, were holding forth in the restricted space one recent evening.

"Every one" goes to see a comedian called Ed Wynn in a new musical. The show girls are as gorgeous as can be, as good, some say, as Ziegfeld, but that was before my day. Mr. Wynn requires so many props, red noses, funny hats and contraptions, in order to be fairly funny that I do not think him as funny as he oughter be.

But it is not easy, with the best will in the world, for one who was brought up on George Robey to relish the New York brand of comedian, though most Britishers (save the world!) are just as enthusiastic as Americans about Victor Moore, an elderly comic who relies on personality alone.



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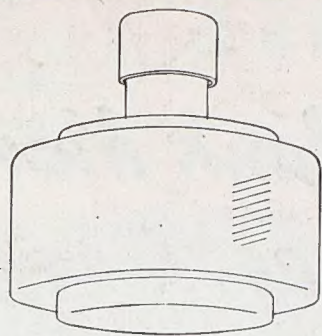
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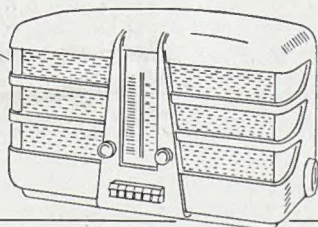


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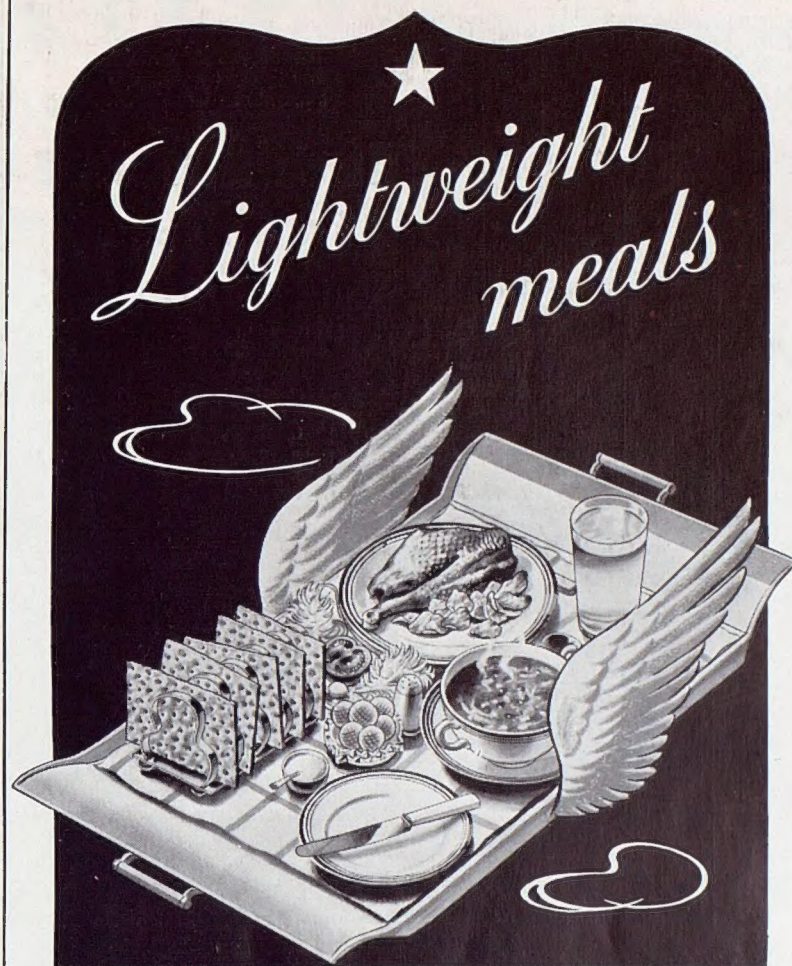
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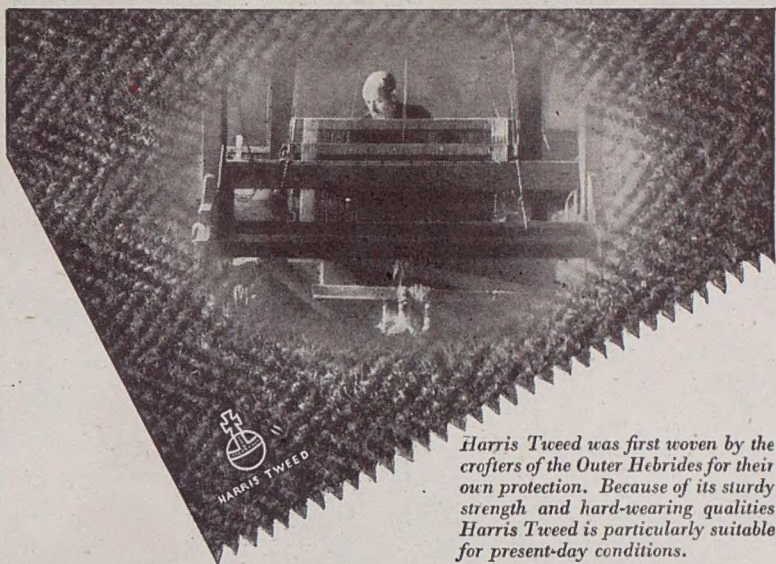
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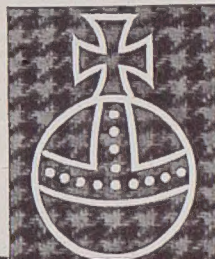
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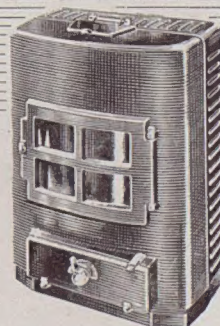
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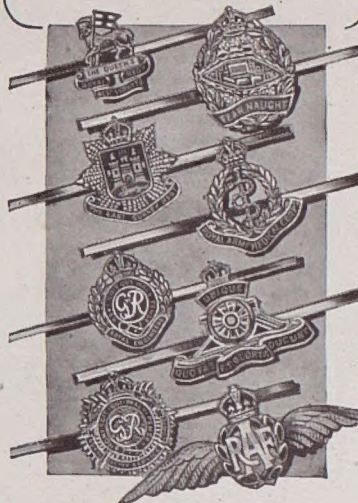
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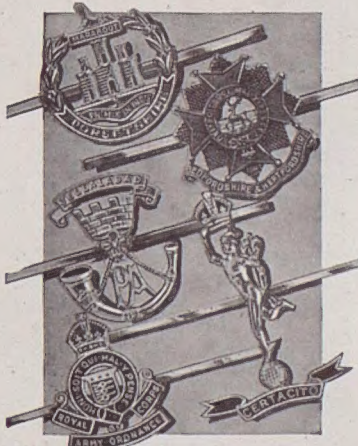


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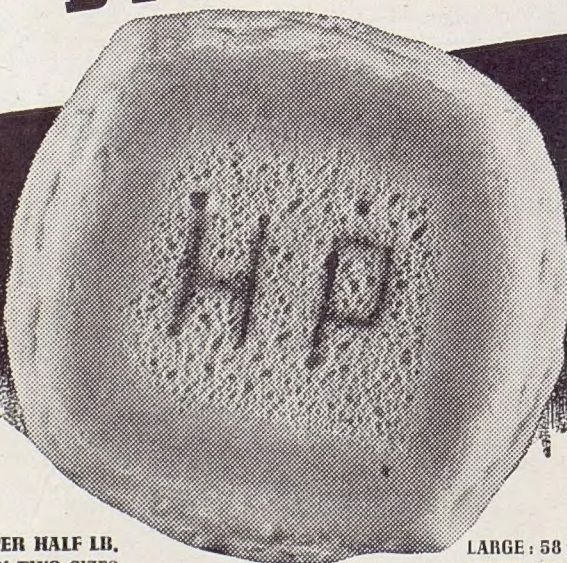
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